Deliver Us From Evil

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/18556009.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Underage
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Bedelia Du Maurier, Will Graham's Father, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom, Peter Bernardone
Additional Tags:	Priest Kink, Priest Hannibal Lecter, Will is almost eighteen, Bedelia is his step-mother, Possible demon possession, Empathy, Will Graham Has Encephalitis, Cannibalism, Sister Alana Bloom, Monsignor Crawford, Mutual Pining, Hand Jobs, Oral Sex, Kissing, Angst and Fluff and Smut, Anal Sex, Making Out, Falling In Love, Sins, Catholic Rosary, Prayer, becomming, Come Swallowing
Language:	English
Collections:	JustFuckMeUp 2019
Stats:	Published: 2019-04-22 Completed: 2019-07-10 Words: 29,187 Chapters: 6/6

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by AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Wendigobunny

Summary

Will Graham is nearly eighteen when his father and step-mother Bedelia decide he might be demon possessed. In the 1800s, it's not unheard of, unlike empathy. Is it Will's empathy, demons, or perhaps some other illness that leads him to the Catholic church and into the hands of Father Hannibal Lecter? Will the priest be able to keep his vows when he becomes intrigued by the boy?

Lots of priest kink and naughtiness in this one for the #HCJustFuckMeUp2019 event! :D

Chapter 1

William Graham was nearly eighteen, practically a man. With that came several obligations, responsibilities. That was something he had nary a problem with, but it was the expectation of social graces that he found difficult. His family wasn't the wealthiest, but they had a steadfast name. But Will, as he preferred to be called, wasn't helping to uphold their creed. The first episode had been during a town dance. He'd crouched down, hands over his ears, grueseum images filling his head to the point that he nearly beat another party goer bloody.

His mother had passed long ago, and his step mother was only with his father because of the fish they brought in. Everyone knew the Grahams brought in the best catches, therefore, Bedelia had caught his father, William Sr. She didn't like Will and he didn't like her. So naturally, and without delay, she pulled him aside and scolded him in only a way she could. Will didn't know why he could see images like he did. A man murdering his wife to be with his mistress, another killing his best friend in an alley, covered in black appearing blood.

After that it had been one incident after the other. It always ended the same, with Will locked in his room at home. It was fine. He preferred the solitude anyway.

One afternoon, Bedelia and Will's father called their son into the sitting room.

"We...are worried about you, William," Bedelia drawled, brushing her blonde hair from her eyes as she sipped her usual two in the evening Brandy.

"Oh it's not *me* you need to worry about," Will sassed, nodding at her drink.

"You righteous, reckless, twitchy little boy. You need to learn respect, and above all, get right with the Lord," she said, walking over to place a concerned hand on her husband's shoulder, encouraging and manipulating him through touch and long lashes.

"We're taking you to the church in the morning. There's a new Father. Father Lecter. He has done wonders for...the afflicted like you, son. It's only because I hold a great deal of love for you. I want you to be cleansed of this…"

"Evil…" Bedelia finished, training her piercing eyes on him. "I've shown your father the things you've written in that book you try to hide… it's disturbing."

Will stood straight, crossing his arms. "You're meant to say that I'm possessed?" Will laughed. "That's absurd! Besides, it's not as though you two are fine examples of holiness! I won't go and you shouldn't have read my journal!"

"You will! I am the head of this house, and you will obey if you wish to remain my son."

Will grumbled. "As you say, Father…"

With that, he stormed off to his room and resumed reading.

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The next morning, as Will's father had promised, they went to the church and lead Will inside. The boy stood with his hands stuffed into his black trousers, looking at his feet as the Father approached.

"Good morning, Father Lecter. I'm William Graham Senor. This is my son, Will. We think his spirit is in danger. He speaks of blood and death, darkness and horror. Things a boy of seventeen should not know. Will you take him under your confidence here?"

Father Lecter stood straight, a staid, austere expression on his face as he came around the corner of his desk to approach the man and his son. He knew of the Graham's only distantly; the mother had a bit of a drinking problem, his father, a temper. Each time he'd seen Will, their son, in church, his chief thought had been how comely the boy was, though very troubled and withdrawn. He almost always had his head down, hands in his lap, with a startlingly serious and disturbed expression clouding his large, beautiful blue eyes.

But demon possession seemed extreme. Father Lecter was concerned.

"I'm certain I will evaluate him and give him the best of care," he replied before addressing Will, lowering his chin to try and catch his gaze. "Will? Are you alright with coming here as well?"

"Not really, Father," Will blurted out, and was then nudged by his dad. He shuffled his feet, brushing a curl from his eyes before looking up into Father Lecter's finally. "But if it's what I... *have* to do to prove I'm not possessed then I suppose it's alright."

"Here is a bag of Will's things, Father. It should last him a week. If you need to keep him longer-"

" *Longer?!* I won't -"

"You *will* if Father Lecter says so, young man. You're not eighteen yet. Do you understand?" Mister Graham ordered with a stern look. Will nodded. "If there's nothing further, I'll leave you to him, Father. Thank you for your help."

The priest kept a calm demeanor, betraying no emotion as he took the bag from Will's father. "You're welcome, of course. I will send someone with a message for you in a week's time to let you know his... *state* ." Sensing the situation was such that Will's father essentially was dumping his son there, certainly drew disapproval from the man, but he couldn't turn the boy away. Not in this state and not having the inclination he did what would await him at home if he were turned away. Surely such a beautiful creature of god's creation couldn't be abandoned like that.

Turning from Will's father, he addressed Will. "Please come with me, and I will show you to a room you may stay in. It's not much, but it's shelter and warmth," he said. And, Father Lecter thought to himself, very near his own quarters, should more help be required.

“Mind him, son,” Will's father said, ruffling his son's hair which made him recoil. His dad left after that and Will looked up at Father Lecter.

“I appreciate it Father but I'm afraid my dad is just wasting the church's valuable time. I'm not possessed,” Will said, walking with the elegant looking Father down the long corridor. “And I don't need much. Just some books and a place to write. I have my imagination beyond that.”

The way was illuminated by candles hanging from the walls, a slight chill in the hall. Father Lecter watched Will as they walked, his own hands clasped thoughtfully behind his back. “I’m very much looking forward to speaking to you more, once you get settled. We have dinner at five promptly, one of the sisters will fetch you, but I’d like you to eat with only me alone for this evening, so that we might speak less formally. Are you open to that, Will?” He asked, his voice gentle but deep as they made their way down the stone corridors of the church.

Will turned his head, face canting up to the Father as brows lifted in surprise. “I prefer one in one anyway, but don't be offended if...well...I don't find religion all that interesting…”

He didn't. Never had. Seemed like a bunch of invented words crafted to control the masses. But he'd hear Father Lecter out, even if he didn't find *him* interesting either. “But okay. Sure.”

The priest’s lips curled into a barely perceptible smile at the corners, and he glanced at Will in subtle amusement. Adults didn’t tend to be so forthright and blunt, and where he’d classify such mannerisms as rude with most, somehow from the cherubic, if troubled, face of this young man, it seemed charming. He was barely even a man, certainly yet a boy.

They arrived at the end of a hall, two doors facing one another, and he reached in front of Will, pulling out a ring of keys from his cassock. Unlocking the door, he looked up to try and catch his eye line. “Here we are,” he said, pushing inward and letting it swing open.

Will nodded and looked inside. The father sure wasn't joking when he'd said it was sparsely arranged. A twin bed, a small window, a night stand with the Bible atop, one dresser, one lamp, and a small closet for his personal effects. Of course there was a crucifix above the bed. The boy walked in and set his bag on the bed. “Hopefully this room will keep my demons at bay,” he sassed, looking up to see the look on Father Lecter's face. He seemed...amused somehow, which baffled Will. “Five sharp. Thank you.”

“I hope we can bring you a measure of peace here, but I expect it might only come with some work. Don’t trouble yourself with those thoughts now, just unpack and make yourself as comfortable as you can. My room is only across the hall, should you need anything. We are all equal here in the eyes of God, Will.” The priest drew closer to him, as though taking more in through eyesight alone would affect some kind of change in him, and dipping his nose closer towards the boy’s messy curls, he inhaled deeply. There was a warm, honeyed sweetness to his scent, and his eyes narrowed and became slightly unfocused as he savored it. Pausing a beat too long, he lingered as though there were something else he was about to say.

“Okay, but did you just *smell* me?” Will asked, softly, but incredulously. He looked at the Father who was very close, much *too* close, and furrowed his brows. It was then that he noticed the curve of his mouth and the fire in his eyes. There was something in them that he could not place, like a dream he'd had with many a screaming face. Darkness, passion, danger...it was resonating, but then again, he often had random images. Maybe he did need help after all.

Father Lecter moved back, smoothing down the front of his robes. “Difficult to avoid. Please do wash up and change for dinner. I look forward to speaking to you further later on, Will,” he concluded, and made deliberate eye contact then, noting how anxious it seemed to make the young man. He smiled and moved for the door. Turning to acknowledge him once more before leaving. “And, welcome.”

Did he just insinuate he smelled? Will rolled his eyes once the Father was gone and began unpacking. After he was done with that, he found the washroom and cleaned up. It all seemed so somber, so serious. Too quiet. It only made him think more. How would this help?

At five sharp he walked to the dining hall. There was no one there. Had Father Lecter wanted to dine elsewhere? The young man began looking around in search of the holy man.

An old nun approached him, touching his arm. “Young man, William Graham, is it? I was to fetch you from your room and take you to dine with Father Lecter. I’ve been looking for you. Please come this way,” she said hastily, and beckoned for him to follow her.

They ended up going very nearly to the farthest corner of the hall and a small table near a firepit, where it was a bit warmer than it was elsewhere in the hall. Two plates were on the table covered with lids, along with two chalices of wine, and a decanter.

“Please sit. The Father will be here any moment,” she said, patting him on the back.

Will just wanted to explore a bit. He'd remembered that a sister was coming for him but he had an independent nature. “Thank you, Sister,” he said, exhaling as he leaned back in the chair and waited. How long was he expected to wait?

Several minutes passed, and Father Lecter emerged, rosary in hand, which he pocketed as he saw Will. Taking a seat next to the boy, he smiled, a peaceable expression on his face. “I hope you didn’t wait too long? Sister Martha tells me you were not in your room when she called for you. You should be careful wandering around here alone. I am happy to give you a proper, full tour tomorrow in daylight,” he said.

“I went into the food hall,” Will answered with a shrug, looking over at the Father. “I was bored I guess. So I figured exploring wouldn't be a problem. It's just a church. I've seen a lot of them, traveling like we have. Well until Bedelia came along.”

Will played with the edge of the table, not answering the tour idea. “What's for dinner?”

The priest lifted the covers off the food and steam wafted upwards. He decided to dismiss the topic of Will’s wandering for now before the food got cold. “Things are very simple here, so I hope you will be satisfied with this. We have meat as often as able, and it seems tonight we

are having a meat stew with potato. Sometimes I assist in the kitchen. In a former life I was something of a chef. This particular meal is one I help prepare myself," he said, and his eye glinted with anticipation.

Will nodded, leaning closer to inhale. He rubbed his belly, scratching it hungrily. "It looks delicious, thank you," he said and took up his spoon. Pursing his lips, he blew on it, then took a big bite, humming. "It's good. Really good."

The young man ate like he was starved, looking over at Father Lecter when he'd had a few more bites. He remembered then he hadn't said anything prayer. "Oh um ...sorry. I don't usually…."

The priest had bowed his head and was whispering a prayer and crossed himself, and looked up at Will. "It's alright. But it would be good for you to pray before your meals. We thank our Lord for what he has given us and the grace of his bounty," Father Lecter answered, and blew on a spoonful of food before taking a bite.

Will crossed himself to show respect at least and then nodded. "He's never seemed to hear me before...didn't think it mattered now. But out of respect …. I guess."

The young man ate a few more bites. "How did you end up a Father? You don't seem like most other priests…"

Hannibal swallowed his soup and dabbed the corner of his plush mouth. The flashes he saw when he looked into the young man's eyes revealed very little yet, but what he did see there was a hidden darkness, a storm barely held back, one he very much wanted to explore. Opening up a bit would be necessary to gain his trust. "I'm as ordinary as anyone, I'm afraid. I was a rather troubled youth, given to various temptations which I sought control over. I learned discipline through prayer and temperance. The priesthood brought me peace, and now I serve the Lord in thanks by guiding others down the same path I've taken," he said, his voice a rich, warm timber, a honeyed seduction there that could be easily taken the wrong way.

"I keep peace by staying away from everyone. Eye contact, conversation...it's distracting," Will explained, then took another bite of his food, avoiding Father Lecter's gaze. "I build forts...or I'm starting to. Have to find some way to quiet what's rattling around in my head. I spose that's what God does for you. Maybe he just sees me as a lost cause."

"Does He quiet the noise in my mind? Well, not exactly. He's empowered me with the ability to do that for myself, in fact anyone may. As for these forts, you can cage these wild beastly thoughts only so long before they break loose." Hannibal pushed another spoonful of soup together and gently allowed it to cool. "Tell me, Will, what is it about eye contact you find so distracting? The intimacy? Is it what you don't want others to see in you? Or is what what they reveal to you?"

"If mine will break loose...won't yours do the same, Father?" Will asked, a slightly sassy tip of his chin as he looked at Hannibal in the eyes. "Apart from a burst vein, or eyes that are more yellow than white, I see too much. Clouds of black swarming flies...howling in the dark behind them ...yeah...I avoid eye contact whenever possible."

Fascinating. Hannibal found himself drawn in, desiring more, like peeling back layers, and yet so much was hidden, unseen. Even that briefest glimmer was too tantalizing. This boy was not afflicted with demon possession, at least not that he could see thus far. The scent of him indicated he was indeed ill, however. With what, would require further investigation. Hannibal's nose was never wrong. "You have remarkable insight, the sort not many have. If you speak this way to your father, it's no wonder he brought you to me. Most people are not open to hearing of such things. Do you truly believe your visions are real? Have you seen them brought to fruition? Proof, if you will?" Hannibal inquired.

"They are real...I have proof but no one wants to talk about it," Will said, then takes another bite of his refilled soup. He wiped his mouth and had a drink of the water provided. "This one guy...he killed his wife...I knew it. I could … *see* it when I met him. That he could do it. Later, he was caught with her bloody robes and a knife. I'd told my dad but he told me to keep quiet. That it was the devil talking to me or a demon."

Father Lecter felt a long dormant lust stir in his belly at Will's words. Looking around to make sure no one was listening in, he leaned closer. "When this vision came to you, how did you see it? Was it a waking dream? Does this happen often?" He spread long, steadying fingers across the smooth wood of the table, tracing the grooves in the grain with a carefully-filed fingernail, licking his lips.

It was the first time Will felt any real attraction for the Father. The way his eyes penetrated him, the sound and timber of his voice. He could feel tendrils reaching out to him, fully listening, and... *appreciating* his words. There was no mockery. No pity. The boy swallowed thickly, leaning a little closer too, looking from the priest's eyes to his lips, and back. When he replied, his words were almost husky, low, a breathy sort of whisper that tinged on arousal or maybe a plea.

"It was like words and images, suspended on dust, invading every part of me so that I didn't know where he ended and I began. It happens a lot if I don't work to stop it…"

"Perhaps the next time it happens, you won't stop it. These visions could be of use, they could help you learn more about yourself. Or perhaps about the real nature and beauty to be found in life and death," the older man said. The receptiveness he detected from the deepening tones and warm breath was precisely the response he'd hoped for, and a smile crossed his lips.

"I don't want to lose myself…" Will said, more open than say, if he'd been about ten to fifteen years older. He hadn't had enough time to build all the walls and forts he'd likely eventually need. Or at least that's what he suspected. "I don't see how death can be beautiful. Not when it's done in such a tasteless way."

"Death makes room for life. There's beauty in it, if you take the time to look. After all, God created both life and death, they are all his design. And, if you have the right guide, you need not worry about losing yourself. I think I can help you. That is after all why your father brought you to me, to help you." Hannibal took another bite of soup and smiled knowingly at the young man.

Will nodded and took another bite. “You'll be my paddle?” He asked, his eyes almost taking on a puppy sort of look as they sat there. He felt full, and gently pushed his bowl forward, sighing. Could the Father help him? He didn't know. But he was a man of the cloth. Who better to trust, if not him? Even if he did think it was likely all made up stories. “If God made both, then that means he condones killing. How do you think he feels about that? Does he feel *good* about it?”

The priest finished his soup and moved his bowl away as well, wiping his mouth and setting aside his napkin. Oh, but the sweet look in the boy’s eyes was like honey to him, irresistible, and he wanted more. “Without a doubt, I will guide you. But does God condone killing? In my opinion, he not only condones it, he must enjoy it. I think killing must feel good to him. He does it all the time. After all, did he not create man in his image, with the power to create and kill, hand in hand? There was an earthquake in a town hundreds of kilometers from here. He dropped a church roof on thirty four of his worshipers while they sang hymns to him. A sister parish. Did he feel good about that? I think he felt powerful.” The Father smiled, and shadows crossed his face, candle light flickering over his cheekbones and accentuating his strong features dramatically.

Will raised his brows in surprise at that, looking at Father Lecter's almost menacing yet handsome features. He furrowed them, splaying his hands on the table. “You're not …. you're different from any Father I've met or spoken to. They usually say that violence is purely the work of the devil. But you...you think it's from God's hand himself.”

“Typhoid and swans, it all comes from the same place. God delights in all his creation, dark and light. Good and evil have nothing to do with God, they are constructs mankind has placed on itself as false guideposts. If his hand is truly in control, then chaos and order are all the same to him.” Father Lecter nodded and smiled placidly at a nun who walked past to refill their cups with water. After she walked away, he continued. “There may be other priests who disagree with my teachings or methods. They don’t affect me at all. I am here to help those who wish to be helped. You are one I know I can help, young Will,” he said, reaching across the table, he touched Will’s hand firmly but warmly, olive veins prominent across his large hand.

Will looked at their hands, at Father Lecter's especially, and licked his lips. “Okay. Are you head Father? I mean doesn't it usually...what I I'm tryin’ to say is aren't you accountable to anyone who might question your teachings?” he asked, wondering if there was a higher up who he might have to talk to at some point. The young man ran his thumb once over the Father's, a sort of uncertain acceptance and sighed.

Father Lecter’s lips tightened into a thin line at the question, though his hand remained warm over Will’s. He squeezed gently and released it. “There is a monsignor here who oversees the rule of order. He’s the only one above me. Father Crawford. But he is a dear friend of mine and doesn’t question my methods or teachings, namely because of my success in working with troubled young minds.”

“Okay,” Will responded but it was more Father Lecter's touch that was grounding him. Was it normal to feel the coil of arousal in his belly just from a mere touch? No. He shouldn't be

thinking or feeling such things. It was just desperation. Right? The young man smiled and moved his hand into his lap. “When do I meet him?”

“He’s not here at the moment. Out of town, the next village over, visiting a neighboring parish, but he will return in three days time. Between now and then, you and I will begin our work, though. I would like to accompany you to your room and pray with you before you retire, if you’re ready. Would that be acceptable, Will?” he asked, preparing to rise.

Great. Prayer. Will stopped himself from an eye roll at the notion and nodded. “Alright, Father. We can do that. I have to warn you, I don't remember all of the prayers I'm supposed to say,” he admitted, looking down at his own hands a moment. He wasn't put off that he couldn't meant to Monsignor. The less people he had to interact with, the better. Standing up, he smoothed down his shirt. “After you…”

Father Lecter brushed a bit too close past Will as he moved by the boy to lead the way. The gentle flush of his cheek wasn’t at all lost on him, in fact he was keenly attuned to his every breath. Even the fluttering lashes that concealed his disdain for prayer set the priest’s heart a light with promise. He loved the ones with such spirit. It showed a live, curious mind, bold spirit, and that beautiful darkness he’d already glimpsed.

The Father gestured for Will to open the door to his room, out of respect for his space. “Please, Will. Tell me, did you find the Bible and rosary in the drawer beside your bed? We never know if our visitors have their own, so we offer them as gifts if you do not. They are yours to keep.”

The Father had to be in his thirties, Will thought to himself, looking him over. He picked up on pain. On a hidden world that he couldn't entirely see, but there was darkness. Claws, and horns, a black shadowy figure looking behind him. He sucked in a deep breath, almost shaking as he remembered himself and reached to open the door. “I found them. Thanks,” he said breathily, his hands in his pockets which pulled his trousers tight as he walked into the room and waited for Father Lecter to enter behind him. “I hadn't brought my own.”

Hannibal licked his lips slowly and his gaze drifted down over the boy’s linen-clad ass, the fabric clinging to well-defined, rounded cheeks. The thin shirt he wore clung to the small of his back, accentuating his behind even more.

“Why don’t you take the beads and we can kneel together at your bedside? You can simply listen to me if you like. The prayers are printed out, right here.” He opened the drawer by his bedside and pulled out a small book with the words “Book of Prayers” written on the front. He handed the rosary beads to Will, and opened the book to a particular page, careful to brush his fingers against the boys as he did.

Kneeling at the side of his bed then, he looked up at Will and waited to begin.

Will looked down at Hannibal, and for an instant, he remembered the brush if their fingers and how he'd felt a spark there. His gaze drifted to his shapely lips and he sucked his own lower one between his teeth before crouching down and getting into position.

“Please, Father, proceed…”

Jesus Christ our God, we adore you and thank you for all the graces you have given us this day. We offer you our sleep and all the moments of this night, and ask you to keep us from sin. We put ourselves within your sacred side and under the mantle of our Lady. Let your holy angels stand about us and keep us in peace, and let your blessing be upon us. Amen.

Will crossed himself afterwards, but his eyes had been open during the prayers, watching Father Lecter's mouth move as he'd spoken the accented prayer. He cleared his throat and gave a small almost smirking smile. “Amen. Thank you, Father. I admit it would be nice to keep my demons away just for a night…”

That little barely-there smirk was almost enough to tempt the Father into doing something illicit right then and there, but patience and restraint were required to carry out his plan to fruition. Still kneeling beside Will, he leaned closer, whispering close to his ear, close enough so the boy would feel his hot breath against his neck. Close enough to get more of his scent. “Perhaps if we make friends with them, we’ll find out they aren’t as bad as we thought they were.” He took Will’s hand again and patted it before rising to a stand, his gold eyes fixing on Will’s lovely face. “If you find yourself unsettled at all, you can repeat that prayer anytime you feel like it. I’m just across the hall if you need anything, though. I do hope you rest well, Will.”

Will felt every inch of his skin prick and sing, his cock throbbing just briefly in his trousers at the feel of Father Lecter's breath on his skin and hand on his own. He wet his lips, exhaling through flared nostrils and nodded. “Maybe we will,” he said, standing up as well, but not before looking at where his eyes were nearly level too, not that the robes showed much at all. He righted his stance, smoothing down his shirt absentmindedly. “I'll do that. Goodnight Father…”

Chapter 2

Father Lecter was waiting the next day for Will Graham after breakfast. He'd risen before the boy, conducted some important private business, and strolled into the dining hall just as the young man was finishing his morning meal.

"Good morning, Will. Did you sleep well?" he asked, standing beside the table, hands folded neatly in front of his cassock.

Will felt the energy in the room shift when Father Lecter walked in. It was overwhelming, though not necessarily in a bad way. The handsome, mysterious priest seemed to somehow understand him. He wiped his mouth and turned his gaze to him.

"I only woke up once or twice instead of five," Will murmured, chuckling. He had a bit of sweat on his brow, a fine sheen, and he quickly swallowed down two aspirin given to him by one of the sisters for his headache. "So I 'spose I did. Um, did you?"

The priest noticed the sweat, the delicious scent of his fever filling his senses. He had an idea already what it might be. Still, he needed to spend more time and examine further before he could be sure. "Please, come with me, if you've finished your breakfast. We should begin our work. I've set aside my morning to spend entirely with you. This afternoon I have other work, but I will leave you with passages to read, and we can eat our evening meal together and pray." He waited for Will and led him to his study.

"I'm finished," Will said with a soft smile. He stood up and brushed a curl from his brow, and then pushed in his chair. He felt excited and curious to be spending the day with Father Lecter, which was unexpected. As for reading the passages, well, that was less exciting, even if he was an avid reader. "Sure, lead the way."

He touched Father Lecter's arm, just briefly, standing close.

Hannibal walked with Will and guided him into a room, his study, lined with books, many religious, some philosophy. Sun came through in multiple colors through a high stained glass window of unusual art at the top of the ceiling; a skeleton with open outstretched arms. A sofa at one side of the room looked soft and inviting, and contrasted with the harshness of the rest of the building. The whole room seemed different, like another world. Dark reds, black and gold, sensual colors, fabrics, the scent of sandalwood and musk permeated the air.

A crucifix on the wall and large bible on the desk lent an air of legitimacy, and the priest waved towards the couch. "Please be comfortable," he said. "Would you like tea or water?"

Will took in the study. It was far more garish than he expected to see considering it belonged to a priest. But it was lovely, and elegant. It seemed to fit Father Lecter far better than the other dull rooms he'd seen. Save for the chapel itself. "Thank you. Tea would be fine," he answered, sitting down on the couch. The young man spread his legs, thick thighs flexing as his hands rested between them. "This is beautiful…"

The priest put a kettle to boil in the fireplace that crackled warmly, and took out two mugs. He conversed as he placed tea leaves in an infusion ball. “It’s my private sanctuary. This is where I can meditate, pray, think. Prepare lessons, study. I’m glad you like it, Will. I don’t allow all my students in here, but I feel a special connection to you.”

“You do?” Will asked, raising one brow curiously as he felt his skin pinken. Will had never really had anyone say such an overt thing like that to him. And since he and his family moved so much, he didn't have time to form connections to anyone his age either. It felt...nice. New. Somehow a little dangerous. Was it himself feeling that or was he picking up on the priest's feelings? “I do too...Father.”

Father Lecter’s eyes moved up very deliberately to meet Will’s, seeking his gaze if it would be met. “It may be divine intervention that led you to me, young Will. Or perhaps simply fate and circumstance. I’m glad you’re here though. I see great potential in you, and I’m eager to help you, though I believe the capacity for healing simply lies dormant in yourself.” The water was ready, and he added the infuser to allow it to begin steeping.

Will took that in, looking into Hannibal's eyes briefly. He watched his hands, his eyes trailing along the veins there. “What would my...healing look like Father?” he asked, his words enunciated and crisp. Not salty. Not in that moment. He had more a curiosity brewing behind his stormy, sometimes distant hues. “Would I be reformed by God?”

“Not reformed. Transformed. And not necessarily by God. Perhaps by forces He might put in motion. I can feed the caterpillar, I can whisper through the chrysalis, but what hatches follows its own nature and is beyond me. I’m here to feed your caterpillar, Will, to help you see more clearly those images that keep you awake at night, that plague your mind. I can see it lurking within your eyes when you allow me that contact. Can you tell me more about what you see when you close your eyes at night, Will?” Hannibal pulled his cassock up the slightest bit so he could cross his long legs beneath.

Will looked in his eyes then. Was it a challenge or need? Perhaps both. Maybe he wanted to show the Father he was capable, and that he could garner his approval and acceptance. It was likely due to the rejection he received from his father and step mother, but it was present. Even if he wouldn't admit it. “The ghosts of the people I couldn't save. Blood that looks black in the moonlight, followed by screams, and swirling fog and darkness. “

“Do these ghosts frighten or excite you? Do you feel guilt that you couldn’t save them, or empathy for the ones who took their lives? For the victims themselves? Can you see through their eyes? Do you see through the eyes of the victim, or the perpetrator? Or perhaps you simply observe, passively, an onlooker.” Shadows played across his face as he asked these questions, keen to see how Will would react. He wasn’t yet ready to delve into the spiritual aspect. He was of the belief with each passing moment Will was in no way affected with any sort of demonic malady.

“It both frightens and excites me,” Will answered, exhaling as he said the words. He pinched the bridge of his nose, painfully recalling the times he'd experienced. “I see through both their eyes. More so the perpetrator than the victim.”

The young man looked at the Father's eyes, over the curves and angles of his face. There was darkness there, as he'd thought before but he felt it now. “Just like I know you've seen darkness. You've...tasted it.”

Father Lecter preened under the recognition, but it barely registered on his face, just a small smile and warmth that ran up his cheekbones. Leaning forward, he retrieved the kettle and poured the steeped tea into two cups for each of them. He handed one to the boy, and placed a small bowl close to him on a side table. “Honey, should you want some to sweeten it.” Sitting back now that they each had their tea, he resumed the conversation at hand.

“I have indeed. You have a great gift, Will. I have people close to me that have known me many years and haven’t seen what you have.” Noticing the way Will pinched the bridge of his nose, he cocked his head inquisitively. “Are you feeling alright?”

“I usually take it black. Sometimes I'll add a bit of honey. Thank you,” Will answered, for the tea and the compliment as he took the tea to blow on it. He had a sip and swallowed, the warm liquid soothing his throat and heating him up from within. “I've...it's just a headache. I haven't been able to get rid of it.”

Father Lecter sniffed at the air, the sweetness heavier than it had been before. “It’s likely a result of not getting enough sleep. I have a mild tonic I can give you tonight that may help. Tell me, in these visions, how much detail do you make out? Your father told me they were very upset at how much you knew about the murders, details not revealed by police. Is that true?”

“Thanks, Father,” Will responded, with a nod, and then he closed his eyes briefly. There was so much that went on his head, so many images of what had happened or feelings of another that could very well lead up to unspeakable actions. It was painful, recalling them, but not just because of what they were. It was also because of how he felt. “That pretty much sums it up, yes.”

A husky chuckle bordering on snarky. More at the thought of his father than the priest in front of him.

“Detailed right down to the smallest cut or bruise. I walk in their shoes. I feel what they feel. See what they see. I...in my head...when in them, I like it,” he whispered, his eyes starting at his hands, remembering how they looked with blood on them.

The priest smoothed his robes down his chest, and took a long, steadying drink from his teacup before setting it beside him. Oh, how beguilingly perfect this boy was. It was all he could do to contain his unadulterated pleasure at having Will here, with him, under his influence. Well at the very least, in his realm. He leaned forward, hands on his knees, dipping his chin to seek out blue, stormy eyes. “What do you like about it, exactly? The way it makes you feel? The aesthetics? The control?” He swallowed carefully, heart thrumming like a drum in his chest.

“Powerful. It makes me feel powerful,” Will answered quietly, his eyes flitting up to meet the priest's. He licked his lips, swallowing, his body leaning closer seemingly of its own accord. “Father…” he whispered, his own heart beating hard, his eyes dilated. He felt a stirring in his

loins, a yearning. “I want to help people. I feel a spiraling darkness when I have these visions. Like I want to do...bad things.”

The priest’s eyes darkened nearly blood red, and he scented the arousal on Will’s skin. It was intoxicating. “Then, it is very fortunate you are here, with me, in the safe arms of my sanctuary. You’re not alone, Will. I’m right beside you in the darkness. And I won’t leave you, I assure you of this.”

Will in an instant, saw the wendigo, looming near him, exposing long teeth and claws, a pleased smile on its face. He took in a sharp, deep breath, not afraid, still aroused, and nodded. Despite the cloud of darkness, the heat, and the uncertainty, he believed the Father, and it felt stable. Like he was conjoined to this holy man somehow. “Good.”

Father Lecter was pleased. He leaned back and smiled; he felt seen, and recognized. “Indeed. I will be sure if your father inquires, to let him know of the excellent progress I expect you to make here, and that you’ll need to stay awhile. Perhaps I can make your accommodations more comfortable as well,” he added. “Though it’s critical you remain in the room near mine, I believe.”

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Father Lecter gave Will a proper tour of the church, as promised, including the laundry facilities, so he could wash his own clothes when necessary, and also helped him get some additional supplies. Extra blankets and pillows for his comfort, a few additional sets of warmer clothes. While they were still hand me downs, they fit the boy and had been left by wealthy benefactors as donations, and had much use left in them.

Will decided, once the tour was over, to do a bit of laundry. That was one thing he was meticulous about; his clothes were always folded neatly and organized in his drawer. Looking around, he noticed he wasn't alone.

A gangly, slender boy sat on a crate, outside, hunched over, seemingly speaking to himself. He had a jagged scar along one side of his head where his long, shaggy hair didn’t grow, and had enormous, sad brown eyes.

Right away Will picked up on a familiarity. They clearly both were not overly social creatures. “Hello.”

The boy’s head jerked up startled, haunted eyes ringed in dark circles. He quickly hid something in his inside coat pocket and crossed his arms over his thin chest. “H-hi. I’m Peter. W-w-Who are you?” he asked in a timid, halting voice.

Will stepped closer, his hands in his pockets. He offered a warm smile. “Hello Peter, I'm Will. I...don't mean you any harm.”

He noticed something concealed and he canted his head curiously, cocking a brow. “What do you have there? You can tell me. I won't say anything.”

Peter furrowed his brow, avoiding direct eye contact with Will, but evaluating him quietly. After a moment, he whispered. “If I show you, you have to promise not to tell. They’ll take

him away from me, and he's very special. He's my only friend. He's very nice. His name is Kevin," he said, and pulled a little brown and white rat out of his pocket, nose twitching and beady eyes looking up at Will as he sniffed for food.

Will couldn't help but to chuckle lightly, but it wasn't aimed at Peter, it was more endearing. Relatable to some degree. "Your secret is safe with me," he promised, looking from Peter to the rat, then back to Peter. "I like animals too. Dogs especially, but all animals are great."

He sat down near him, and then laced his fingers over his belly, watching Peter and his rat friend Kevin. "What brought you here, Peter?"

Peter turned his head and gestured to the large scar. "I'm an orphan. But I was kicked by a horse, but it w-as an accident. She didn't mean to. The orphanage didn't want to keep me, 'cuz I was bein' picked on too much. So they sent me here. Safer here. Father Lecter is nice, he helps me. They are patient with me. I help out, have a place to sleep. I wash dishes, do laundry, clean up after everyone, a-nd I like it here," he answered softly. "Plus, nobody beats me up or picks on me, because everyone believes in God. The only sad thing is, no animals. Except Kevin here. He's my friend. You seem nice though. Maybe you can be my friend. Why are you here? Do you have a dog?"

"I have wanted one for a while but dad won't let me. Next year I'll be eighteen and ill get a dog or seven then," Will explained, watching Peter. He felt bad that the sweet boy had been treated so unfairly. It made anger coil in his belly and he imagined going after whoever it was. "I'm glad you're happy here, Peter, and you didn't...you didn't deserve that at all. I wonder though, what do you think about Father Lecter?"

Peter seemed to relax more, and Kevin played in his lap while he fed him a crust of bread. "He's a very nice man. Father Crawford is very stern, and gets angry a lot, but Father Lecter has a-always been very kind to me. He says...he says the same thing. That I didn't deserve that. That he'll make sure I have a safe home here." He looked up hopefully at Will and managed a small but sincere smile. "I like you, Will, a-and I'm glad you are here. You should get lots of dogs."

Will could feel the shift and he was glad. He splayed his hand over his own thigh, listening. "Is Father Crawford mean to you? Has he mistreated you?"

Peter looked down shyly. "Well...he just doesn't understand me very well and gets impatient. Father Lecter tends to help keep him away from me though. And Father Crawford is usually too busy to bother with me anyway, so I just stay out of his way." The boy's stutter decreased as he calmed down. He smiled up again at Will timidly.

"Good. If anyone bothers you, come to me okay? Or Father Lecter." Will was very pleased to hear that Father Lecter wasn't that way. He assumed as much. "I like you too, Peter and I will. Definitely."

"I'd like to see the dogs when you do. I wish we could have dogs here at church. Maybe someday."

Will laughed, nodding. “That would be great. Of course you can see them when I do Peter. I don't have many friends at all, but...I'd like to consider you among them.”

Peter stood and shuffled over to Will. “You’re my friend, and Kevin’s too. Would you like me to show you how we launder our things here?” he asked, and gestured to the buckets and water pumps on the ground and against the wall. There were shelves with supplies and stands for hanging sheets as well as lye, soap, washboards and two large copper tubs.

Will felt the warmth of sincere and innocent friendship from Peter and it was nice. Different from Father Lecter but good. He nodded. “That would be kind of you, yes please.”

Once they were finished, he sighed, stretching. “I am in the room across from Father Lecter if you need me Peter. Okay?”

Peter smiled and impulsively reached his thin arms around Will to hug him. “Yes. Thank you, Will. I’m glad we’re friends.” He released him and shuffled away happily.

Will wasn't used to it, but he had hugged him back, and then smiled before calling out a 'me too’ and a see you later.

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That night, Will was drenched in sweat, curls stuck to his head, without realizing it, he began flailing from side to side, heat overtaking him to the point that he rose up onto his feet. Step by step his body and dream lead him. He was trying to escape the black fog, and the horned demon that was chasing him. In actuality, he was padding down the hall, past Father Lecter's room, towards the exit of the church.

The priest was awake, and heard Will’s door open along with the sound of bare feet staggering down the hallway, and with great haste, he rose and put in his robe, lighting a lamp and taking it and a blanket with him to see what was going on. Looking out the door, he watched just in time as Will walked out the back door into the cold night air, and he hastily went after him.

“Will?” Father Lecter called out quietly, not wanting to wake anyone, but Will didn’t turn around. He was clearly somnambulant.

When he finally caught up with the boy, he reached for his arm to stop him, and held the light up to his face in the hopes the flames would rouse him. “Will!” He said, shaking him slightly.

Will squinted, holding his hand up above his eyes. “Father?” he asked, unsure if he was dreaming this or not. Everything was a blur, but his feet and legs were freezing being out in the night air. Especially since his clothes were soaked with sweat. “Where am I? What happened?”

Father Lecter threw the wool blanket he’d brought over the boy’s shoulders and felt his forehead first, then cupped his cheek, lifting his head to look in his eyes. “You were sleepwalking. You’re very warm, in fact I’d say feverish. Come, put your arm around my shoulder and lean your weight on me. We must get you back inside,” he said.

“I...I am?” Will asked, walking with Father Lecter. He leaned into him, his head on his shoulder. It was soothing. He felt safe and cared for. It was enough to wake him up. Once they were inside, and to his room, Will stopped and flitted sleepy eyes up at him. “Stay with me a while?”

“I wouldn’t leave you alone yet, certainly,” the Father replied, and when Will sat back down in his bed, he took a towel from a small stack on a shelf and began wiping his feet dry before he tucked them back in bed. “Would you like a drink of water?” He asked.

“Please,” Will answered, his guard down in this state of mind. It was why he asked him to stay. That and he wanted him there. His paddle. This was definitely strange. To his knowledge, he'd not slept walked before. “What causes this?”

Father Lecter went to the small water basin and collected some in a chalice for him, and brought it over. Dabbing a damp cloth at his brow, he sat beside him on the bed and gave it to the boy. “I don’t believe you to be afflicted with demons at all. I think you have a physical malady affecting your brain, perhaps causing a fever. Fever is usually the body’s way of fighting infection of some sort. I dabbled in medicine before becoming a man of the cloth...I have some herbal remedies in my room I can put together and create a tonic that may help the symptoms,” he said, taking Will’s hand in an effort to feel his pulse and check his heart rate.

“So you're like a doctor of sorts?” Will asked, taking the chalice of water. He drank a few big sips and licked his damp lips. This priest was certainly not cut from the same mold as the others. “I have always been able to do what I do. I don't think my sickness is part of that. Do you?”

Father Lecter shook his head. “No, but the sleepwalking and nightmares might be. It could be nothing at all, perhaps simply an imbalance of the humors resolved with extra bedrest. In that case, herbs to induce sleep and relax the mind will only help you. And prayers to cleanse your soul, coupled with study with me, one on one, will set you right in no time, dear boy.” The elder man’s eyes dilated slightly as he stared at those red, wet lips with a predatory, lustful gaze for the briefest moment before the expression was replaced by one of piety.

“Thank you, Father,” Will murmured, and looked curiously at the glimmer that crossed Hannibal's eyes. He reached out and touched his face, guard still down. “I trust what you say. I…” The boy thought better of it and removed his hand. “I should try to sleep after yes. Should I accompany you to your room?”

Those delicate fingers on his skin were like fire, and not from his temperature. Father Lecter caught the boy’s hand and brought it to his lips, kissing it briefly before releasing it as well. Heat burned in his eyes, and he patted Will’s arm, squeezing lightly. “I...you should sleep, dear child. Stay here, I’ll be right back.” He smiled warmly, a blush tinting his own cheeks.

Will murmured that he wasn't a child but something in the way the Father reacted, the way his lips felt against his fevered skin kept him from being too surly about it.

Father Lecter returned a moment later carrying a small dark brown glass bottle and a brass spoon. Sitting back down beside Will on the bed, he smoothed his night robes- far more casual than his cassock- and opened the bottle.

“Do you have any of the tea left? You can either take a spoonful directly, or dilute it in the tea. It’s slightly bitter, I’d recommend a spoonful of honey afterward to help the taste,” he said, producing a bottle of that from his pocket and leaving it at the bedside.

“I'll just take it straight and then have some honey,” Will insisted, not afraid of bitterness. He'd experienced far worse. He smiled, “Thank you,” and then reached over to do just that.

“It’s Valerian root. It should help ease you into a restful slumber,” the priest said, eyes following the spoon as it disappeared past Will’s lips.

After taking the medicine, a drop of honey was still on his lower lip, not yet noticed by himself. He instead angled his body closer and towards the priest. “Do you get hot in all those robes?”

The boy chuckled lightly, wiping his brow.

Ah, how close to danger the beauty danced. Father Lecter didn’t move away when Will swayed closer, instead he inhaled deeply, gaze flitting from those hooded blue eyes to damp, sticky red lips. “I do. I am now, in fact,” he breathed. The priests’ lips hovered over Will’s for several seconds, and he felt himself harden beneath his robes, along his thigh, fortunately concealed at the moment by the shadows in the room and layers of fabric. He lingered too long, unwilling to move from the orbit of Will’s beautiful face, pulled in by the gravity of his attraction.

“Are you?” Will whispered rhetorically, and then impulsively pressed his lips against Father Lecter's. He inhaled sharply through his nose, nostrils flared as a shaky hand moved to rest on the priest's thigh, right over his erection. His own cock throbbed as he realized what he'd done but he didn't move away. He didn't want to. Not unless something was said or not reciprocated.

The priest moaned into Will’s sweet mouth, his tongue licking along the seam and tasting the honey there. He flicked the tip inside, testing the limits that he knew the boy would allow. That delicate hand felt the evidence of his reaction- all was revealed now. How much farther he was willing to go would be in his hands.

Will tilted his head, moaning quietly as a new heat built in his loins. A fevered sweetness born purley of lust. He wasn't being rejected. He was being accepted. Was this wrong? Father Lecter was older and a priest. Well, the boy wasn't really religious anyway. He just did what his father told him too. So his hand began to move along his length, over the soft robes. “Mmm...Father.”

Encouraged by Will’s lust, he wrapped his hand around his head and kissed more deeply, allowing the boy to touched as he wanted. “Yes, Will. It’s alright,” he murmured, hardening even more under the uncertain, tentative touches. Oh how forbidden and tempting he felt. Father Lecter panted into Will’s mouth, and the edge of a sharp tooth caught his lip accidentally.

It was unlike anything he'd ever felt and he'd definitely never been kissed liked that before. How did such a holy man know how to do that? Was he really holy? Something didn't add up

but for the moment, all he could focus on was their kiss. “It's … good. Very good.”

His fingers didn't stop, and he leaned back in to kiss him again, his lip a bit bloody from Father Lecter's fang. Crimson mingled between them and he slipped his other hand into his hair, mussing it a bit.

A low groan escaped Father Lecter’s mouth, and he licked the blood from Will’s mouth, and moved his hand over the boy’s. Lingering a moment, he finally pushed the boy’s hand away, and with a rough sigh, instead slid large hands under the blanket that covered him, over the thin fabric of his trousers and found his grip molding to the shape of the young man’s own rigid, heated flesh. “Yes...yes, Will…”

Will nearly protested when the Father moved his hand. But before he could, he felt his own turgid flesh being stroked. He groaned, his hips bucking up frantically, seeking more of his touch. It felt good and that was an understatement. “Oh Father…”

Lips nearly quivered from the pleasure, his slick tongue lingered in the Father's mouth, tasting every corner he could. It was clear that the teenager was touch starved and very aroused.

Father Lecter ate every single trembled whimper like it was manna from heaven, and adjusted his grip, rubbing Will’s cock through his pants as he kissed him. With his free hand, he gripped the back of his head, thick fingers woven into curly hair, his tongue insistent as he licked inside possessively, and he could tell from the inexperienced, desperate way Will reacted he’d never done this before, likely with man or woman. He was exquisite in every way, and couldn’t be any more perfect in the priest’s eyes. “Will,” he whispered, finally pausing to take a ragged breath.

“Yes Father?” Will asked in a returned whisper. He was panting, near orgasm just from the over the pants groping the handsome priest was giving him. His whole body was buzzing and flushed, the signs that he was near his release more than apparent. He hadn't done this with another, and the fact that he was doing so with a priest was just par for the course for the awkward Will Graham's life.

“You don't know the power you wield, just how tempting and breathtaking you are, Will. You are truly a work of art, in every way an instrument of pleasure, “ he said, and slipped his hand beneath the waist of his trousers. Rubbing faster, He knew the friction would cause him to spill. And he closed his hand on the upstroke, the edge of his palm catch Will’s cockhead just the right way. “Release yourself, let go,” he whispered in command, and plunged his strong, wet tongue deep inside Will’s mouth once more.

The words the Father said, combined with his tongue, and the grip on his bare cock was what did it. He bit the priest's upper lip as he came, hot white liquid filling his palm. His body tensed and stuttered, his breath hitching. “Father Lecter,” he gasped, kissing him harder, sucking his tongue. “Oh yes…”

The priest devoured Will’s climax, fully focused on him as he stroked him through completely. “That’s right, beautiful angel, perfect, utterly perfect.” he withdrew his hand delicately, wanting to taste the decadent nectar of the youth’s essence, but he knew it might

shock him too much. Instead, he wiped his hand on the towel he'd used to wipe Will's brow earlier, and quickly cupped his cheek to kiss him again. "Will. You are beautiful in every way. Thank you…"

Will kissed him back, then pressed their brows together. His breathing was slowing and he was sleepy. "You're thanking me? Why, Father? I should be thanking you… um… technically. That was really good."

Would the priest regret this? Was he still going to remain in his position? There were more questions now. He'd never expected this but he wasn't sorry.

Hannibal was erect beneath his own robes, but he took the towel with Will's spend on it and arranged the blankets around the young man, seeing how tired he was. "It brings me joy to know that brought you such pleasure. I think that between your climax and the herbal remedy, you should sleep quite peacefully, dear boy." he leaned down and kissed his lips once more, and stood. "Goodnight, sweet Will," he said, turning to depart.

"Father," Will called out, licking his lips. He was able to feel his sincerity but something else lingered in his mind. "What about you…?"

It didn't seem right now to not reciprocate. What's more, he wanted to. Images of the priest filled his mind. He could see it there, taking his cock into his mouth, and while that was entirely new, it was appealing. The concept of how they might fully give themselves to one another was very present, even if Will had questions on how to do so.

Father Lecter's heart swelled in his chest at the lingering, yearning sincerity in Will's voice. "Oh my dear boy, I couldn't. Well, what I mean to say is, I shouldn't. The time for you now is simply to rest. I didn't do anything to obligate you in that way, Will. I'm here to serve you, in many ways. Please take rest, and we can speak more in the morning." he smiled at the boy warmly, his face full of piety and earnestness.

Will nodded slowly, then offered the handsome, elegant man of the cloth a tired smile. He snuggled under the covers, yawning. "Well for the ah, the record, it wouldn't be an obligation," he said, his drawl thicker. "Goodnight, Father. Until tomorrow."

Chapter 3

Hannibal Lay in bed, thoughts of the Graham boy in his mind as he held the towel containing his seed to his nose. He was exposed, his robes pulled open, bare legs spread, stroking a large, uncut, veiny cock, his hand coated with a small amount of olive oil he kept in his bedside drawer. He bit his full bottom lip, eyes closed as he pictured the gorgeous face of the unspoiled, virginal boy in the room across the hall, the way his cheeks had flushed with pleasure when he'd touched him, the way his ruby mouth opened like a succulent flower to the sun, the heady, earthy aroma of his climax, the pulsating rhythm of his slim hips against Hannibal's hand when he couldn't hold back any longer. Muscular, furry thighs clenched as the priest jerked his own hips up into his palm and shot hot ropes of ejaculate across the sinew of his broad chest, white and sticky over the dark hair that covered his torso. Panting, he cleaned himself off with his own garments and placed Will's towel beneath his bed, in a wooden box. He fell into a fast slumber, mind clear and free of any thoughts but the beauty named Will Graham.

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The next morning, Will felt a bit better, and he could only hope it would stay that way. He had breakfast, wondering when he might see the Father again. Last night felt like one big dream, and the boy hoped that Father Lecter wouldn't avoid him because of it. While doing some chores, he noticed a tall, broad priest in robes reprimanding another young man who was staying there apparently. He cut his eyes to him, and then averted them. Was this Father Crawford?

The large man strolled over and addressed him in a booming voice. "Hello. If I'm not mistaken, you're Will Graham. I've heard quite a bit about you. How are you settling in?" he asked.

Will stood up and smoothed his hands down, pushing his glasses up his nose. The boy looked a bit put off really. He didn't want to talk to him now that he'd heard the things he had. "Hello, Father...Crawford, right? I am Will Graham. I'm settling in as well as can be expected. I've hitched my horse here for a while."

"Monsignor Crawford, yes. I'm in charge around here. I understand Father Lecter has been assigned your case and is aiding you. He met with me briefly this morning to tell me he has high hopes for you, that you've already shown capacity for healing with God's grace and his help. Just make sure you follow his protocols to the letter and don't stray. Disobedience is not tolerated, and your parents have entrusted your care to us. You understand, correct?" he said sternly, eyes narrowed on Will as if trying to discern some dishonesty in the boy.

"I wouldn't be here if I didn't, Monsignor," Will said, not entirely defiant or sassy, but he showed that he wasn't like Peter, or anyone else that might ordinarily find him intimidating. The boy crossed his arms, chin up as he listened and answered with only occasional and fleeting moments of eye contact. Will didn't care for him to be honest. He didn't like the Alpha male persona that he was putting off in the least. "My hope is to be free to the demons

that haunt me, if that's the case, I mean. I don't wish to disappoint my father anymore than I have, Father Lecter is a very good teacher. I have a lot to learn from him."

Crawford crossed his arms and frowned. The boy was defiant and strong-willed. He'd bring it up to Lecter. But he seemed to mean the words he spoke. He was about to answer further, when a nun scurried up to him and whispered in his ear hastily. He nodded to her and turned back towards Will. "Very good to meet you, Will. See that you do learn well from the good Father. If you'll excuse me," he said, turning to leave.

"Okay, Monsignor. Good day," Will responded and watched him leave. As soon as he was gone, he sighed and removed his glasses, scrubbing his hand over his face. Where was Father Lecter? Should he stop by his room? Would it be inappropriate?

A sister approached the boy then. "Mr. Graham, Father Lecter is asking for you. In his study. Do you know the way? He asked me to fetch you," the old woman said, a kindly, patient look on her face.

Well that was coincidental, Will thought to himself and gave her smile. He wasn't rude or brash in the least with her. "Will, please, ma'am," he said and then nodded, "I do. Thank you. Good day."

He headed off once she bid him farewell, and knocked on Father Lecter's door, taking a deep breath. He was also sweating again slightly.

Hannibal opened the door, smiling when he saw it was Will, and offered his hand. "Good morning. Please come in, dear Will. I've got tea on, if you'd like. I trust you had breakfast already?" He asked.

Will took Father Lecter's hand and closed the door behind him. They were all alone. "Mornin'," he smiled, wetting his lips. It was good to see him. Nourishment. He nodded. "I have Father. Tea sounds… good."

The priest took note of the warmth in Will's youthful cheek, the dilation of his pupils, the dewy sheen over his skin. He was excited to see him, and Lecter couldn't be more pleased. He sniffed, pausing to lean in close to Will. Looking down at him, he smiled in cat-like satisfaction, and turned to the center of the room, waving to the chairs where they'd sat before. "Please be comfortable. I'm eager to hear how you slept last night, and if there were more dreams."

Will looked up Father Lecter and kissed him right on the lips, a bold move but he wanted to see what sort of reaction he'd have. He was curious and that took priority over the need for comfort. "I slept good. No dreams that I can recollect," he answered grinning near his lips. "How did you sleep, Father?"

It certainly took him by surprise, but wasn't remotely unwelcome. On the contrary, in fact. The priest slid his arm around Will's waist and pulled him close, kissing him deeply in return before releasing him. "I had a peaceful slumber. Dreams of a beauty with blue eyes that transcended heaven and earth, a mouth that tasted of the promise of an eternal life of pleasures beyond the wildest imaginations, I must confess," he said, smiling. Moving back to

the kettle, he poured them each tea. “I heard Crawford is back and wanted very much to meet you. Did he find you?”

Will felt dizzy from the kiss and the poetic words that the Father conveyed. He licked his lips, still feeling his lips present even though they were no longer there. “Sounds like a good night's sleep,” he murmured and watched the tea go into the cups. He finally went to go take a seat. “I just met him. I don't think I left a happy impression. He's...skeptical of me, but interested. I don't think anyone has ever questioned him before.”

Father Lecter brought two cups of tea to Will and sat beside him, blowing on his own and nodding with a dark, placid smile. “Father Crawford is a powerful man, but simple. He lets his own ego blind him often times. However as long as he retains the illusion of control, he is appeased. Of course, what I share with you here must never leave this chamber. But I believe I have a certain amount of confidence with you now, one we share. You’re special, Will. Unique. I’m so pleased you’re here with me,” he said warmly.

Will held his cup of tea in his hands, blowing on it with pursed cherry lips and smiled down into it. “You and I have a mutual understanding, Father. I'll keep our secrets. You're...interesting. Unique in your own way,” he said, soft pauses as gentle steam rose off his beverage. He took a sip and swallowed with an audible click. A bead of sweat dripped down his brow. His headache was starting up again. At that point, he thought he heard a dog's whimper and he snapped his head to the side. “Do you hear that?”

Hannibal sat up, cocking his head and looking around. He heard nothing but the sound of their breathing and the crackling of the fire in the hearth. “What is it, Will?” he asked, setting his cup down and moving forward to the edge of his seat.

Will set his cup down and walked carefully towards the fireplace. He could hear a scratching and a whining coming from it or maybe behind the walls around it. “You don't hear that? It sounds like...a dog.”

Curious, Hannibal got up and followed Will to the fireplace. He put his ear to the wall, and turned to Will with concern. “I don’t hear anything, Will. This could be auditory hallucinations. Let me feel your head,” he suggested, and placed his hands on Will’s face. “You are warm. How do you feel right now?”

“Like I'm not sure if I'm awake or not,” Will answered, a laugh of self depreciation slipping from his lips. He leaned into Father Lecter's hand, closing his eyes as he drew a tired breath. “My head hurts and I'm tired. I don't feel like anything is...real.”

Father Lecter savored that delightfully needy press into his hand, and supported the young man steadfastly. “I can assure you, you are indeed awake. Try a little exercise for me, would you? This might help to ground you when you feel this way. Just repeat after me. My name is Will Graham. It’s 9:37 in the morning. I’m awake and this is real.”

Will nodded, shaky, but still somewhat there with Father Lecter. “My name is Will Graham. It’s 9:37 in the morning. I’m awake and this is real,” he said, then followed it with a deep breath. It felt silly honestly, but he would try it because he trusted him. “What’s….what’s

happening to me, Father?" he asked, feeling his emotions begin to spiral a little out of control, but not totally yet.

The priest got up and retrieved a clean rag, which he rinsed in cool, clean water from a basin, and brought back over to him with a chalice of cold water. "Drink a bit of this too. You're probably dehydrated as well. I have some ideas how we can evaluate and possibly help you." He dabbed Will's forehead and cheek with the cloth. "Just rest. I do want to try something though, when you feel you can focus. I am going to ask you to draw a clock for me."

Will chugged the water, the cool liquid going down his throat. He licked his lips. His eyes closing at the feel of the cloth on his skin. The Father was taking care of him and it felt reassuring. "A clock?" he asked with a chuckle and then looked at the paper and pen. He reached over and picked it up and began writing. When he was done, he handed it to the Father. "See? Just a clock."

Father Lecter examined the drawing, and the wheels in his mind spun and spun as he conceived his plans. There on paper, was a slightly crooked but nonetheless fairly standard circle, but all the numbers were jumbled on the right, like children clambering past one another up a crooked staircase. He'd only seen this once before, and not in person, but in a textbook. But what to do?

"Well, it looks fine. Thank you, Will. It was an orientation test, to check your visual acuity, but it looks normal. I have an old friend, a medical doctor, who I will consult. In the meantime I can administer a bit more herbal tincture which should relieve the headaches and help you get sleep," he said, taking Will's hand and holding it between both of his. He looked into his eyes sincerely. "I'm here for you, young Will. I'm your paddle."

Will squeezed back, then leaned into hands as tears started to form in his eyes. His lips quivered and he face flushed "I...I need your help," he said, his tone breaking. He knew something was wrong, something not right. But what was it? Hopefully Father Lecter would pull through. "So thank you."

He stroked his cheek and leaned closer still, so enchanted by the mind and beauty of this boy. He quickly pulled him into his arms completely and pressed his lips against Will's cheek. "You have nothing to fear anymore. I'm here, to protect, guide, help, and heal you. I… care for you, so very much." Father Lester's own cheeks darkened at the breathless, whispered confession.

"I care for you too," Will whispered back, and then turned to kiss The Father. He moaned softly into the press, feeling safe as passion ignited. He pulled back though and met his eyes. "It's ….starting to feel odd calling you...Father now. What's your first name?"

The priest felt his own walls crumbling inside, walls he'd built around his heart that this lovely creature had somehow been able to scale. "Hannibal, my beloved boy. My name is Hannibal," he whispered, somehow it seemed so intimate saying his first name aloud like that to him, yet so right.

Will kissed him for that, then traced his lips with his tongue. He pressed his body against his, rolling his hips just so. The fact that he'd told him his name, well, it meant alot. It was very

unheard of but then again, their relationship was turning into something unique and unheard of as well. Still looking into his eyes, he smiled. "Thank you... Hannibal."

With everything inside him, Hannibal wanted to take him, possess him, here and now. Claim and mark him. Something unhinged in his heart looking in those deep, stormy blue eyes, a reflection of himself, an impossible darkness, an unearthly beauty he needed. Hannibal was never a man to need anything. He simply took what he wanted moment to moment.

He held the back of Will's curly head and claimed his mouth in a heated kiss, sucking his tongue with a groan. He held him like that, frustratedly pawing at his clothes, until there was a sharp knock at the door.

Will was panting, his skin flushed and lips red. His hair was mussed. With a look to the Father, he straightened his close and sat back, licking the residual taste of Hannibal from his mouth. damned interruptions.

Father Lecter rose, with great reluctance, and smoothed his robes down, clearing his throat. Approaching the door, he called out. "I am in session. Is this urgent?" he asked.

"It is!" came the female voice through the door.

He opened it, and before him stood a short, slender young nun. She craned her head around him with a perplexed expression on her face. "Hello, Father," she said in a strange voice.

"Sister Alana. May I ask you to please tell me the problem quickly, as I'm with someone in need right now, as I stated," he said flatly, his face and voice betraying no emotion except impatience.

She narrowed her eyes suspiciously at him. "It's Monsignor Crawford. He wishes to speak with you. At once."

There was an awkward pause, the air between them very uncomfortable, and Hannibal raised his eyebrows at her questioningly as if to ask "is that all?" silently.

"It's Will Graham in there, isn't it?" she whispered too loudly, and he answered her with a glower.

"If there's nothing further, you may tell the Monsignor I'm in session and when I'm finished, I will find him. Thank you, Sister." he closed the door and she sniffed before turning to leave.

Father Lecter turned to come back in the room and Will let out a sigh of relief. He was still half hard.

"Who was that? She seemed...nosey."

"That was a Sister that has made this place her home since her was very young. She takes many issues up as her personal mission that she has no business in, though in her mind she's doing the right thing, but what she's really doing is engaging in false, self righteous gossip and meddling." Father Lecter Smiled as he sat back down, taking Will's hands in his own.

Will nodded and then rubbed his thumb over Father Lecter's hand. He hoped that the Sister wouldn't start any trouble but touching Hannibal was... distracting him from his fears and his potential illness. With a coy lift of brows, he smiled. "So...where were we, Hannibal?"

Father Lecter pulled Will to his lap and began to ravish his mouth with heated kisses, leaning him against the back of the couch. His hands wandered in places they shouldn't, between Will's legs, where he found that half hard cock and gripped it over the fabric of his clothes.

Hannibal's hand on him felt so good. Even over his clothes. Will removed his shirt and kissed him again. Passionately. "Yes. We were...here," he groaned, and began rolling his hips on his, grinding into his palm needily. "Father...Hannibal…"

Father Lecter's eyes devoured the sight of Will's smooth, naked chest, palms skating over his skin and rough thumbs finding his nipples. He tweaked one, then the other, his lips making their way from the wet, swollen mouth down his long, creamy neck and across his collar bone. He kissed his way down until plush lips fastened hard on his right nipple and sucked, teeth grazing the skin and moaning as he felt it respond.

Will moaned, his head lolling back, hands in Hannibal's hair when he felt those warm, full lips on him. And his tongue… oh god, it was sinful. He writhed in his lap, his cock hard as a rock as he panted quietly, fingers grazing the Father's collar. The young man didn't care, this was heaven, the only paradise he needed. "Father...don't stop, please," he said roughly, wetting his pink lips as his curls moved about. "That feels so good."

Hannibal wrestled with the fly of Will's trousers, sliding his fingers under the buttons to loosen them and release them one by one, until he could push them over slender hips and down his thick thighs. His tongue traced patterns in his smooth, baby soft skin, licking up every trace bead of sweat over each freckle and inch of sweet flesh. Like a feast for the senses, he fed on Will inch by inch. "You...you taste exquisite...oh Will…"

Will writhed and moaned, his back arching and skin prickling pleasurably as he was explored by way of Hannibal's lips and tongue. It was like he was being savored and truly cherished. Certainly something he'd never experienced before. "Mmm, Hannibal," he murmured, watching, still on his lap. He'd have to move soon or they could relocate but for now, this was incredible.

Father Lecter picked Will up off his lap and moved him to sitting on the chair, arranging a pillow at the small of his back so he could be more comfortable, and spread wide the legs of the now nude young man before him. He got to his knees and looked up with worshipful eyes at Will. Hands massaging up his flank, he peppered kisses up his thighs until he was met by Will's persistently bobbing, erect cock. He kissed the tip gently and breathed over him. "Tell me, has anyone ever taken you into their mouth in this way?"

Will felt like he could come just from the little attention his cock had gotten so far, but fortunately, he didn't. Not yet anyway. "N-No," was his reply, his eyes dilated and glazed over as he watched Hannibal and felt the breath against the head of his dick. It had his toes curling against the floor, and he forced himself not to buck forward, even if he wanted to. "Certainly not before now."

He never thought it would be by a man, and even less by a Priest. Life was...unique, but maybe that was just fine.

The words proclaiming his innocence were music to Hannibal's ears. Pure, if not clean in mind, he was in body, and it was all he wanted. Hannibal could see the darkness swirling behind those wicked blue eyes, the flush in his cherubic cheeks betraying him, and he'd already seen once how exquisite Will Graham looked in the throes of orgasm. If he had anything to say about it, Father Lecter intended to be the only one to ever pull the sweet sounds of pleasure from that wicked mouth, to ever make his heart pound with ecstasy and his body spill the succulent honey of his lust.

With longing in his belly, Father Lecter took Will's cockhead between his lips and suckled the tip gently, slowly. It was already heavy and weeping with pre come, and he took the fattened, furry balls beneath in his large palm and fondled them as inch by inch, he swallowed. "Mmmmm…"

A blazing heat churned under his skin and Will knew he was in for a real gift. Hannibal was skilled, and there was no doubt about it. Nostrils flaring, the veins in his forearms bulged as his hands clenched the chair arms. When his lips parted a breathy 'Hannibal' spilled from them, his smooth chest rising and falling. A sheen of sweat was present there, a drop trickling between each peck, but his head was cast down, those eyes watching his turgid flesh slip in and out of the holy man's mouth. How utterly sinful. How debauched. It made his stomach tighten with lust. "All of me. Take me all the way down…"

A show of the very darkness the Father had seen. It was being brought to life.

A deep rumbled vibrated within Hannibal's chest at the dark command, given so soft and sweet, and yet the power behind it gave the priest great hope for what Will could be capable of. He longed to see what the beautiful boy could do when unleashed in the wild, giving in to the basest of his desires and the darkest of his needs, with nothing to hold him back. He'd make it his mission to set Will free in this way...not to mold him, but to release him.

With these thoughts simmering in his belly, he took Will's cock to the back of his throat and closed his eyes until tears issued forth and he could no longer hold his breath. Releasing him with a choke, he pulled off, spittle drenching him, and he gripped the base, pumping him steadily before taking him down once more. Looking up at Will, he reveled in the beautiful look on his face.

Those eyes looking at him, the heat if him, the feel of his tongue, it was enough to make Will lose control. A broken grunt and a grip on Hannibal's head was all that was given to alert the priest to the boy's impending release. He came hard, his whole body racking with pleasure as hot ropes of come shot out of his cock and down his throat. His vision whited out and heart pounded as he orgasmed. "Father!"

Hannibal took every drop on his tongue, though a few precious beads landed on his lips and cheek, a stray bit on his cassock. Will was delicious, and he savored him for the delicacy he was. Moaning with perverse delight, he sucked and licked him clean, dabbing the bits that had escaped and tasting them as well, nothing wasted. Looking up at him, his golden eyes glowed, almost black with his arousal.

“You render me utterly helpless, Will Graham,” he whispered.

"Seems like we do that to each other," Will whispered back, and then pulled the priest to him for a long, slow kiss. His fingers were in his hair, hands seeking as his cock softened from his release. He could taste himself, and it made him wonder what Hannibal tasted like, so he broke the kiss and smiled. "What about you?"

Father Lecter knelt back on his heels, and it was quite clear he too was aroused. His cassock tented in front rather noticeably, and he raised a pale eyebrow and smiled. He remained silent for a moment, as if thinking about it, before rising to stand. He took his own rosary beads from his pocket and placed them reverently around Will’s neck, looking down at him, and reached down to the hem of his robes to unfasten the buttons. Never breaking eye contact, when he finally reached the waist, he loosened the clasps of his trousers until finally freeing the large, uncircumsized cock from it’s prison. It was red at the tip, dark along the shaft, thick with veins, and wet from pre come that had been leaking substantially the entire time.

One hand held his cock, the other gripped the beads around Will’s neck, tugging him closer. “Come, Will. Take of my flesh,” he whispered.

It was so obscene and yet beautiful somehow, Will thought to himself. Not Hannibal but the situation, though one could say the Father was a work of art. Like one of those ancient sculptures carved from stone. Here he was, cock out before him and the boy marvelled. Will wet his lips and nodded, a dark grin on his lips. "Anything to have my sins forgiven, Father."

With that he opened his mouth and flicked his tongue slowly over the exposed tip. Just to taste. It was salty but not off putting. He was clean. Oh it turned him on. So he wrapped his lips around him with a groan, taking him down a few inches as he looked up with his eyes to see the elegant priest's expression.

Father Lecter exhaled hard through his nostrils as his lips parted, and he sighed, his eyes closing in bliss. “Oh…that’s...that’s it...yes, Will,” he whispered. His fingers wove their way into chestnut curls, legs spreading to afford him more space. He didn’t force or pressure with his hand, it was simply a form of guidance.

Will moaned around Hannibal’s cock, enjoying the silky, firm texture as he took more of him down. He felt his world opening up, right along with his throat; things were so different than he’d imagined. Better. No step mother accusing him of being possessed, no father to make him feel less than a man. Hannibal saw him, and he felt like he was seeing him too. Conjoined. His tongue lathed around the shaft, and his eyes watered from his efforts, his hand rolling the Father’s balls gently.

Hannibal’s head fell back and he gasped, licking his lips and letting his thighs fall open wider to allow the young man more room. He could feel the beads tightening around his hand, and he sat up again, looking down once more. He rubbed his rosy cheek, giving a bit of slack to them. Letting go, he instead took both sides of Will’s head in his large hands and began to guide him up and down his shaft, changing the rhythm and speed. He thumbed a bit of spittle away and stopped to pull him off his cock altogether, then leaned down and greedily plundered his mouth in a rough, harsh biting kiss, before pushing his head back down to take him again. “I want you to drink my come, Will, as I did yours. You might not like it, but try.”

Tears streamed down Will's cheeks, but they weren't of sadness. For once, he was not riddled with regret; instead he felt jubilant, aroused, and excited. His neck would surely be red from the rosary, but he hardly minded. It somehow added a bit of danger, knowing that if the Father wanted to, he could easily cast him into the hands of death with a snap or by strangulation. Be that as it may, his answer was a muffled groan of approval, letting Hannibal know he would drink every last drop and oh the boy was hungry. His jaw burned from the girth of the priest, and his throat was raw, but he was determined to see him to his blissful end.

Father Lecter began to grind his hips up, meeting Will’s hot, wet mouth, and allowing himself to let go at last. A hand on Will’s head, he gripped the base and jerked twice, his flesh releasing a thick stream of come onto the boy’s tongue and waiting opened mouth. Oh how breathtaking he looked like that, big doe eyes wet with tears and pink cheeks streaked as well, his plump lips swollen and red, and an expression of pure pride and satisfaction on his face. As he gasped, breath rasping hard, he tugged the boy back up to his lap to share in the taste and kiss him.

“So good, my beautiful boy. So good,” he whispered, trying to gather his sense as he kissed Will.

The taste was bitter and salty but not overly so. He savored it on his tongue as though it was a ritual of some sort. The kiss only enhanced it and Will was dizzy from the lust and heat between them. "Perfect, Hannibal…"

Nothing would be the same as before. That was okay. He didn't want it to be.

Chapter 4

Father Lecter sat across from a young man in his office. He was small, slight, young, with an angry expression on his face; dark, somewhat beady eyes aflame and looking down at his hands as he twisted them in agitation.

“I don’t feel like myself, Father. I want to shed this stupid human form and achieve the one I truly belong in. It doesn’t feel right. I need blood, flesh, violence,” he said, rocking back and forth, arms wrapped around his body. He was seething with a quiet fury. It pleased Hannibal to no end, as he’d been fostering this blood lust in the boy for some time, encouraging him to embrace his animal side.

“You’re a beautiful creature shedding the skin of what you were, the cage that imprisoned you, to blossom into the powerful beast you are to become. Perhaps it’s time to hunt, dear Randall. Find your prey and feast.” He smiled placidly at the boy, a quiet pride there in his amber eyes.

“It is. Yes, Father.”

Hannibal rose and walked him to the door. “Our time is up for now but I do want to hear what happens, Randall, alright?”

The boy wasn’t happy to have to leave, as he’d grown attached to the priest, but he was restless and eager to please him. “Of course, Father,” he answered.

As the priest opened the door, they unexpectedly encountered Will in the hall. “Oh, hello, Will,” Father Lecter greeted.

Randall glared suspiciously at Will, detecting the change in Hannibal’s voice and posture at seeing the other young man.

Will looked at Hannibal and smiled. “Hello, Father Lecter,” he said, his tone a little friendlier than perhaps a normal student’s would be. He felt the other boy glaring at him, and he turned to look at him. The anger and jealousy was palpable. An image of teeth, claws, and blood flashed behind his eyes and it spurred his own inner beast. He didn’t like this boy, Randall. Yes, that was his name. He’d seen him in passing.

“Are we still meeting for our...session?” Will asked, raising both brows as he leaned closer to the handsome priest, intentionally provoking Randall without a word to even acknowledge him. To manipulate the situation further, he placed a hand on his arm, grasping affectionately and gently, so the other boy would see.

The shorter boy looked Will up and down pointedly, eyes narrowed, and nearly bared his teeth in a show of aggression. His upper lip curled in a sneer as he scowled.

“Of course we are, Will. I’m not sure you’ve met Randall, one of our other residents. Randall, this is Will. Randall, I will see you at our next meeting. I expect to see progress on

what we discussed. Be well, my child.” Father Lecter said solemnly, but he smiled ever so slightly, dismissing the young man.

Randall huffed through his nostrils and raised his chin proudly. “Yes, Father,” he said smoothly, ignoring Will.

Will ignored Randall too; he addressed Hannibal. "I've met him. I'll see you soon, Father."

He removed his hand and once Randall had left, he excused himself.

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A few hours later, Will knocked on Father Lecter's door, waiting to be let in. Was he doing the same things with Randall as he was him? Jealousy boiled in his veins.

Father Lecter opened the door and smiled warmly seeing Will there again. “Come in, please,” he said, stepping back and gesturing inside. Of course he was quite perceptive and could sense the jealousy that transpired earlier between Will and Randall. It was just as he’d hoped, and he was so curious what would result.

"Thanks," Will said, looking at Hannibal speculatively. He walked in, sighing, looking around to see if there were any signs that they'd done something or that Randall had been in there. "Randall is an odd one. I...don't think he likes me."

Father Lecter closed the door behind Will and walked ahead of him, and poured a fresh cup of tea for him, having already prepared a new pot. He turned to Will and raised his eyebrows lightly, a surprised look on his face. “Interesting observation. What makes you say that?” he asked.

Will chuffed, and took the offered cup before sitting down. He took a sip. Seriously? Could Hannibal not see the looks he and Randall had shared? The boy licked his teeth, then clenched then as he swallowed. "Well for one, the way he was looking at me, Father," he explained, with some irritation. He was sweating again. "Do you...have your sessions with him here?"

Father Lecter furrowed his brow and nodded. “Yes. Does that bother you, Will? I don’t have any romantic relationship with him, if that is a concern for you, I can assure you.” He blew on his own cup of tea, utterly calm and unbothered as he sat back and crossed his legs, smiling at the handsome boy.

"Sex doesn't require romance," Will mumbled, maybe a little reassured but not enough to not want to rip out Randall's throat. He had another sip of tea, then set it down before turning to look at Hannibal. "There are silent rooms. Rooms that aren't….here."

He laughed self deprecatingly at himself, then looked away for a moment. "Bother me?" he asked rhetorically with a bit of sass as he gestured to himself, "Why no…"

The priest nodded in agreement to the first statement. “There are indeed other places I could meet with the boy. However, some entrusted to my care require extra attention. Without

violating Randall's privacy, I would say he is quite troubled and has required additional care and teaching. He is violent, and doesn't integrate well with others, suffers from dysphoria and hallucinations. So I've had to take additional measures with him." Father Lecter smiled, not missing the fact that he quite clearly shared far too much with Will, perhaps manipulatively so, hoping to show Will that he trusted him by sharing that much, but also hoping the additional information would prove useful to the cunning boy. "But it relieves me to know it doesn't bother you."

Will cocked his head to the side, curiously. It was more information than he'd expected to get. On a lot of levels, Hannibal seemed more suited to be a doctor of the mind instead of a priest. He splayed his hands over his legs, then sat back with a deep breath. "Has he...hurt anyone here? Peter, for example?"

The older man studied Will's face, somehow even more beautiful in the warm light of his office. His skin glistened with a dewy sheen of sweat, and his blue eyes seemed almost wet as he blinked at the priest, lashes long and heavy, inky dark. "He has. I know Peter keeps small animals often and hides them from the others here, and I know Randall has stolen them to be cruel to him. He's tormented others as well." He pulled his rosary from his pocket, rolling the beads between his fingers. "Does it disturb you to know Randall picks on others?"

Will felt his blood run hot at the mention of Peter being tormented. Likely, the shy boy hadn't mentioned anything to him before out of fear. He cut fierce eyes up to Hannibal's, a storm brewing behind them, and his jaw shifted. "Peter is my friend. I won't let anyone harm him," he replied, the promise of a reckoning on his tongue. It slid off like lava down a volcano, searing, and all consuming. "Does it bother you, Father Lecter?"

Hannibal's lips twitched, the slightest hint of a smile starting to form yet not visible to most. This is what he wanted- exactly what he wanted. "Certainly it does, and I assure you I take corrective measures to keep order, as does monsignor Crawford. I would say it's in your better interest to remain focused on your own progress," he said mildly, and not at all convincingly, as though the words themselves were mere platitudes said out of formal obligation rather than any conviction.

Will raised his brows at Hannibal, he wasn't sure he believed him, but nonetheless, they had a session. "I'll take that under advisement, Hannibal," he said, leaning towards him. He took up his tea again. He'd have to do this work on his own apparently. "So what are we talking about today? More analysis? Or…?"

"This is your time, Will. Your time with me to do anything you wish, that which will benefit you most. I believe digging deeper into your nightmares and thoughts would help you, but I'm rather curious about your interest in Randall and this sense of righteous vengeance I feel from you. Tell me Will, do you believe God rights wrongs as He sees fit? That He is fair and just and punishes evil and rewards good? Or that everything is chaos and chance, and we are masters of our own fates? Who do you believe decides what is right and wrong? You? Me? God?" Hannibal sipped at his tea casually, his index finger tracing the pleat of his cassock along his knee.

Will sighed, holding one big eye roll back. Shit, that was a lot of questions. "Honestly? I don't think god cares one way or another," he admitted, knowing that to any other priest, that

would earn him a lot of counseling and likely a ton of 'Hail Mary's'. But Hannibal had already broken his vows when they began...their courtship, as it were, so he knew he wasn't like the others. "If he intervenes... if he… exists, then it's to move a chess piece on the board."

He looked at Hannibal, almost a knowing glance then, or at least speculative. Was the boy still talking about God, or….him? "I think he likes to wind us up. Watch us go. Because it's… fun. And because he's curious about what will happen. What do you think, Father?"

Father Lecter smiled and raised a barely-there brow. "At the risk of admitting to heresy, I agree to a certain degree. I think we are a bit like playthings to him. After all, what of that church that killed his worshippers when the roof caved in? And the children that starve and die, the plagues that claim the lives of his faithful, the famines, floods, earthquakes? He is all powerful, and could stop all of these tragedies any time he saw fit. Either it's a test to determine their faith, to test as it were, or he's got a truly perverse sense of humor. The Bible seems to want us to believe he is testing his believer's faith. Most miss the entire lesson of Job, for instance. They choose to twist the book into a lesson on the power of faith, when it isn't that at all. If you read to the very end, you'll find there's no lesson in faith whatsoever. God merely wanted to show Job that he was the one and only source of power and that he could do as he pleased no matter what Job decided to do. Worship me, don't worship, be thankful, praise, don't, it matters not. God doesn't need us for anything. And if we are made in his image, what do we need him or anyone else for? We are all gods of our own worlds. He's given everyone the power of life, death, creation, destruction. But man doesn't want that responsibility. Most cannot wield that kind of power. So they choose to give it back." he shrugged and watched the boy carefully to see what his reaction would be. He knew he couldn't say things like this to just anyone, but he also knew Will wasn't just anyone.

"If God is real, he must have a big ego, and to me, that means he does want our worship. His work is art. Death and love. What artist paints a picture just for himself? I'd say that's pretty far-fetched, wouldn't you agree?" Will asked, enjoying the back and forth banter. He wasn't as wordy as the priest, but he spoke his mind. "Some men do have that sort of power. They start as boys like Randall, a gnawing and pull tugs at them as they find their inner Godhood, or their beastly natures. Is that what you're here to stop or have you given up and prefer to watch as God watches? After all in order to been seen, we have to first, see."

"Clever boy. I'm drawn to minds such as yours, though I must admit, I've never encountered one as sharply honed, perceptive and reflective as yours. You see from all sides, and more than just see but feel, experience, climb inside in a way others cannot. I believe where my skills and gifts can be used, I am happy to guide, but there's only so much I can do, Will. There's a time for observation and one for participation. In your situation, though, I'm here to help you. For Randall, I'm not sure what he'll choose." Father Lecter sat forward and searched Will's face with honey eyes, his lips curving into a seductive smile. "Do you believe even for a moment I could ever see in him what I do in you?"

Will processed everything Hannibal said. Was he trying to insight something? It felt like it, but the boy wasn't opposed since he didn't like Randall anyway. The way the priest weaved his words was an artistry all it's own, and one that affected him to his very marrow. To think all of this had been set in motion because he'd been sent here to have his demon removed.

Will thought that he was likely gaining more of them. He heard them inside, howling and growling, ready to be freed.

With a lick of his lips, he leaned closer too, studying Father Lecter's face. With a smirky, yet seductive grin: "I don't know. Perception is a tool that's pointed on both ends, isn't it?"

"That suggests it might be used as a weapon, in which case, I might agree with you," Father Lecter chuckled lightly. He stood then, and walked over to the mantle, where he removed a crucifix from the wall and held it in his hands, turning it over and over and staring at it, his face free of any expression. Finally, he replaced it and turned back towards Will, taking his empty tea cup and refilling it.

"Would you be prepared to use a weapon to set the world right again if you felt it were justified?" he asked. He knew the answer of course, but wanted to press Will further, closer to his becoming.

"I am," Will answered, a darkness in his eyes again as he watched the elegant and unique priest. Again he contemplated: Was Hannibal trying to get him to...harm someone? Yes it seemed so. "The world needs righteous vengeance, to protect those who can't help themselves...like Peter."

Father Lecter licked his lips and finally allowed himself a genuine smile in response, eyes glimmering. "You might say in God's eyes, it would be doing His work. Protecting a vulnerable soul from harm. Noble, just. Or perhaps an act of chaos to bring order. Others might judge, might say the ends don't justify the means, but I would disagree with them. God might be using you, if not someone else, as a vessel of protection."

Will laughed, scratching at his belly, his eyes followed the wet, velvety sweep of Hannibal's tongue. "I'm judged already, Father," he said, having dealt with it all his life. It's why he kept most everyone at Bay. Forts and barriers aided in that. "So doing the work that God isn't doing himself for him and others, is just fine."

Father Lecter raised his brows at that and leaned forward, hands on his knees. "What makes you believe you're already judged? Do you see your visions and fever as your judgement? Some kind of punishment exacted by God? Have you already been doling out righteous vengeance in His name, or do you think He is so harsh as to be trying to correct you for the mere thought of it? Have you lost yourself and the boundaries between reality and fantasy been blurred beyond recognition, Will?"

"I know who I am...but I feel like I'm fading," Will answered quietly, looking down at his hands for a moment. "We are all judged though, by God or our loved ones."

Will often felt like he was blurring the lines. Just this morning he'd lost time between waking and eating his breakfast. It was like his life was jumping ahead without his consent. Oh how his parents would judge him for that. Wiping his brow, his lower lip quivered as his eyes watered. "I-I need your help."

It was all Hannibal needed to hear. That soft break in Will's voice, his large, damp blue eyes, the tremble in his shoulders. He could feel the predatory lust build in his loins at the

admission. Will had certainly been here all along precisely for his help, however the increased vulnerability that came with this illness he clearly had made him even more appealing to the priest, and he licked his lips and exhaled heavily in reaction. Taking Will's hand in one palm and his jaw in the other, he looked him in the eye and rubbed his cheek tenderly.

"Will, I'm here for you. I'm helping you, even now, dearest boy."

With that, he leaned forward, closing the space between them, and licked the crimson stain of Wil's lower lip, gently easing his mouth open with an insistent tongue.

A wave of calm and heat washed over him as he felt the slip of Hannibal's tongue. He moaned into the kiss, his fingers tangling in silky locks. His cock was half hard already, his heart beating to the rhythm of their passion. It helped. Hannibal was helping. Maybe only he was qualified. "Hannibal…" he murmured over his lips, and then moved to situate himself right in his lap before kissing him again.

The priest slipped a hand beneath the fabric of Will's shirt, palm skating up his chest and over his nipples, where he rubbed and pinched lightly as his lips skated down his neck. "You fill me with a hunger, Will, one I cannot sate until I have you," he whispered roughly. A forbidden confession whispered hastily, and even as he said it, he felt his face heat up. Would he be rejected?

It was unexpected but far from unwelcome. He leaned into the touch, feeling acceptance in a way he'd never known before. His heart continued its frenetic pace, his lips red and swollen; he kissed him again and then took the Father's face between his hands. "I've...never known myself, as well as I know myself, when I'm with you. You...already have me, Hannibal. I want you. With me."

"Good….that's very, very good," Father Lecter whispered. He rose and took Will's hand, after setting him on his feet from his lap, leading him further into the room. A small door could be seen just past a wall in a part of the room he hadn't taken Will, before, and when he opened the door, it led to a hall. "There's a path to my private quarters this way. Would you come join me? Please?" he asked, his eyes shimmering.

Will was hot and bothered, eyes dilated and hair mussed. He nodded, a flirty and curious smirk coloring his beautiful features. "But of course, Father Lecter," he crooned deeply, lacing their fingers together as they walked. "Where else would I go, if not with you?"

What would he be shown? He was eager to see. It seemed like a new level was about to be reached between them.

Hannibal brought Will's hand to his lips and kissed his knuckles, softly and slowly, exhaling and slipping his hand until their palms lay flat against one another. He then pressed one fingertip at a time to his lips, smiling softly. "You are truly everything my heart could want and more, dearest Will," he said quietly, then opened the door to his bed chambers.

The room was bathed in the golden glow of soft light and dark blue and gold fabrics and mahogany, lush and rich and warm in a way that mirrored his office and looked entirely

different from the rest of the building. A large bed raised on a platform was in the center, and Father Lecter led Will over and sat on the edge, his fingers catching on the buttons of his shirt in an effort to begin disrobing the young man. “May I?” he asked, laying his rosary on the sheets.

"Please," Will answered with a breathy whisper. He briefly took in the room around them. It was beautiful. Not a surprise to see such decorations there. It suited Hannibal. Right now all he could focus on was the man disrobing him. Every bit of his body was on fire and burning for Father Lecter.

Father Lecter’s dark eyes were nearly red, and grew darker with every stitch of clothes he pulled from the young man’s slim, lean body. He was on the thin side, still a little underweight, but muscular in places from hard work. His back, buttocks and thighs were sinewy, while his chest and arms were more smooth and slender. The priest peppered kisses across his warm flesh, his temperature elevated with the slight fever he had.

Once he was naked, Hannibal reverently turned him around, admiring him and running his hands up and down every inch of skin as though he were a work of art. “Lay down, Will. I’m going to introduce you to pleasures you’ve never imagined before, my beautiful boy,” he whispered.

"Okay…" Will said on baited breath, his eyes seeking and wanting to see Hannibal naked too. Maybe eventually. He did as bidden and laid down, legs spread in anticipation of what might come, his cock hard and laying flat against his belly. A bead of clear precome dropped onto his skin, glistening as his eyes flicked to meet intense fiery maroon. "Consider me your canvas, Father."

“The most pristine one any could want,” he rasped in a deep voice. The priest stood before Will and began to unbutton his cassock, removing everything down to his underwear but stripping to his black boxers and a matching pair of black garters that hooked down to black dress socks. Dark fur covered his broad chest, and he crawled over Will to kiss him once more.

Oh...Hannibal looked… very handsome and sexy like that, Will thought to himself, his cock giving another bead of precome in appreciation. He hooked his legs around the Father and kissed him with relentless, hungry abandon. His fingers moved up and down the sinews of his back, getting to know him inch by inch, needing to experience all of him as he moaned, writhing slowly. “Mmm...Hannibal.”

Hannibal reached over to the nightstand and found a small, crystal vial, full of a rich, slippery oil that warmed in his hands when he poured a small amount in his palms. He rubbed his hands together and knelt between Will’s legs, beginning by massaging his thick thighs and the base of his cock. Lifting his knees so his legs were bent and spread, he drew closer. “Will, have you ever played with yourself...down here? Put anything inside your body?” he asked in a deep voice.

"I have...sort of," Will answered, feeling his skin heat up from being overly exposed like that and down there. He licked his lips and scratched his belly, chuckling. "I have with one finger...half way but it...didn't feel comfortable."

Blue eyes averted and it wasn't because he didn't want that. He wanted him and what they were doing very much but what if he did it wrong. Would Hannibal find it off putting?

Hannibal was keenly attuned to Will and noticed the hesitation. “You need not be afraid, Mylimasis. I won’t hurt you. I just want to see if it feels good for you. Just relax. Breathe, in sync with me, alright?” he instructed. Picking up the small rosary, he applied oil to the beads one by one and began to press one inside the puckering little pink hole. Only one with his index finger, until it was just there, one little bead inside him, all while he stroked his cock. “There now, that doesn’t hurt doesn’t it?” he asked softly.

It felt so very good, and not at all painful. Being as tight as he was, Will could feel the sensation and while the beads were small, they felt pretty thick. As he moaned, and spread his legs further, he realized just what was being put inside of himself. So lewd, so sinful; it really turned him on. “It feels...like I want more,” he murmured, biting his lower lip, “and like I’ve finally found religion…”

After another moment, he clenched his hole and his jaw shifted. “More. Please.”

The priest chuckled darkly and bit his plump lower lip as he pushed a few more beads inside. He knew the real delightful sensation would be when he pulled them out, but going in, oh, how he savoured the deep blush on Will’s gorgeous cheek, inky black lashes fluttering open and closed again. His lips were like a red ribbon, a perfect pout permanently open in a gasp of awe and concentration, and Hannibal wanted to taste him again, but for now, all his focus was on the rosary, and the illicit prayers he could pull from the mouth of his dirty angel. “I will give you everything. All of it, beautiful boy,” he whispered in promise, and thrust his finger in further until more and more of the beads entered him.

“Oh gods,” Will managed to let out, his sweet lips dripping with sin and dark intentions as he was filled with grace and lust simultaneously. He reached down to grasp his cock between his spread thighs, thumbing over the slit. He wanted to impress, to tease, so he gathered the precome and then inserted the digit into his mouth while eyeing Father Lecter. “Absolve me of my sins, Father. I’ve been...naughty.”

Watching Will suckle the sticky, clear fluid from his thumb was absolutely decadent. Shameless. He was teasing the Father, and teasing was indeed worthy of a punishment.

Adding more oil to his hand, he proceeded to breach Will’s still relatively virginal hole with his entire middle finger, using it to push more of the length of rosary inside him. With sharp fangs gleaming, he circled the base of his cock with his other hand, holding him still so he wouldn’t be able to roll free of him. “That’s quite naughty indeed. What’s to be done about that, Mr Graham?” He hissed, a smile curling his lips, and he kissed the inside of Will’s shaking thigh for good measure.

“Fuck!” Will cried out in sheer, rough abandon. It only stung a fraction but felt sublime more than anything else. His hole gave a squeeze of approval for it, an unspoken confirmation to the distinguished priest, though the way the boy had spoken had been enough proof already. Why was Hannibal so sexy; for that matter, why or how had this come to pass at all? It was lucky for Will that it had. He felt a freedom and power he’d never felt before. “You can do whatever you like….”

Scraping his teeth against the tender flesh of Will's inner thigh, Hannibal grinned, and slowly, he added a second finger. He began to push in and out, a little deeper each time, until the tip of his finger brushed the smooth nub of his gland inside. The heel of his hand rubbed the lower length of his cock, and he wrapped it more fully until he could comply stroke base to tip. "That's a very fortunate thing, because I intend to. I intend to take you and make you entirely mine, young Will. I intend to fuck you, to fill you with my body and my seed, to take my pleasure from you and make you call on God himself for your pleasure. What do you think of that, hmm?" he asked.

The crude manner in which the refined Father spoke was a shock but it only spurred him on more. He nodded, curls moving with the gesture and swallowed thickly. "Y-yes, I...I'd like that a lot," he responded, his tone breathy and rough. The pleasure was already spiking sharply through him, a promise of the orgasm to come, and he felt his balls draw tight, ready to release their full load out and into Hannibal's capable palm. "Oh… fuck, I'm...I'm close."

Seeing how beautifully Will was responded, he knew it was time to slide the beads free. Slowly - gently - he pulled his fingers out, and then one by one, each bead, popping from Will's wet hole, his sweet pucker twitching with each one. Hannibal watched closely, eyes greedy, his cock weeping against his thigh as the boy writhed and gasped beneath him. He squeezed the base of Will's cock roughly to prevent him from coming just yet, edging him close and pulling him back. "Not yet, Will. Not until I'm inside you. First, we take the rosary out. Your pleas to our Lord have never sounded more pure than they do right now, darling boy."

The feeling of the beads coming out was a pleasurable relief but it left him feeling so empty. His release was so near until Hannibal pinched it off. "Father...please," he heard himself beg, but he liked the little bit of teasing and edging even if he had no idea that that's what it was. "I … I want you to be inside."

Hannibal ribbed the heel of his hand against his own cock, throbbing painfully untouched along his leg, and finally pulled the last of the beads from between Will's rosy cheeks. Tossing them to the floor, he added oil to himself and kneeled closer between Will's thighs, spreading them wide, and pulling one leg up to leverage over his shoulder. "Inside I shall be. I'm much larger than anything you've experienced so far, but trust that I will not hurt you. Focus on my eyes and breathe with me, Will," he instructed. Pumping Will's cock with one hand, he aligned his uncut, thick and reddened head with the slick opening, and sank inside. Taking a long, deep inhale, he looked into the boy's beautiful blue eyes, willing him to relax and open his body.

It burned, but more than painful it was just uncomfortable. At least at first. He took a deep breathe with Hannibal, looking into his eyes for as long as was allotted and kissed him passionately. He sucked his tongue and held onto his shoulders as his nostrils flared. "Hannibal…." He breathed in and out, gazing at him with adoration as he felt impossibly full. "T-that's...so good."

Heaven. Being inside Will felt like pure heaven. A tight, silky glove of velvet heat that gripped inch after inch of his throbbing cock, he felt himself being somehow devoured whole by this gorgeous creature with the blue eyes. This boy was more enchanting, majestic,

hypnotic than anything he'd ever encountered, and were he a man who actually held superstitions, he might think he was being seduced by the devil himself. But Hannibal knew better. He was certain his heart was claimed already, and it was far too late to ever get it back. Will had him. He possessed him heart and soul.

Pressing in deeper still, he pulled out, maintaining a steady rhythm and sinking to his elbows to claim his mouth as he rolled his hips. "You're amazing. Relax further into me, Mylimasis…"

That's when Will wrapped his arms and legs around Hannibal, he kissed him slowly, deeply, sucking his tongue, lips, and tasting his teeth. His hole clenched in cycles around his cock, never letting their mouths part for more than a few seconds to breathe. "I...I love you," he managed to get out, knowing this man was his first, and his only. At least that's what he wanted. Was it too soon? Would the confession be unwanted? All he could focus on now was their bond, their conjoined state of being and the pleasure swirling around them thickly.

The priest could feel that every word spoken was true, and it broke down any remains of defense he had around his heart. There hadn't been much there when it came to Will; he'd managed to scale his walls early on, something that had impressed Hannibal and pushed him over the edge from infatuation and fascination to love himself.

Driving into Will over and over, he could feel Will's cock between their sweat slicked bodies, rubbing up and down his belly, and he fucked him harder as he felt Will hold on and his breath became more and more erratic. Finally he could hold back no longer.

"I want you to come with my cock inside you, and then I am going to jerk myself off on your body. Do you want that?" he asked, his Lithuanian accent heavier.

So bold, so brazen...Will liked that. It was refreshing and very sexy. He nodded, licking red lips as his own cock throbbed in anticipation for the impending release there. His legs fell down, opening more, his hands slipping down to grasp Hannibal's muscular, flexing ass. "I do, Father."

Determined to give Will an intense experience, Father Lecter pounded into him, certain to thrust deep over his prostate, gripping his cock firmly and stroking as he fed from his mouth hungrily. Whispering filthy things in his native tongue, Hannibal drove him right to the edge, faster and harder, urging him on. "Come for me, come for me," he begged in a ragged whisper.

Will slipped his finger between Hannibal's cheeks, just to feel the warmth there as he was fucked. He licked his lips and then suckled the top one before he moaned loudly. Without warning he came, as though the Father had willed him to do so just by commanding him in his gentle way. Hot droves of come splattered between them, his body all bit convulsing in the grip of the best orgasm of his life. "H-Hanniballl!"

Will's finger near his own most intimate of places was a surprise he wasn't expecting; he girded himself in an attempt to keep from coming at the touch. But between that and the tight clench of Will's body spasming around him, it was no use. As the comely brunet shouted his

release, he too came, driving deep inside and shooting hard and brutally fast. “Oh gods.. Will..!!”

It was beautiful, watching the composed Father come undone like that. The sweat on his skin, the strands of damp hair that hung down into his fierce eyes; it was a sight he knew that only he was privy to.

I've chosen you, to hold my hand in darkness. To walk through the valley of the shadow of death and to face it head on without fear.

It was what Will could see in Hannibal now as though he were looking into a mirror. Was it him or was it thoughts buried in the seemingly calm waters of his own mind?

With a tired smile, Will kissed him, not needing to say much else.

Chapter 5

Will decided he needed to talk to Peter. He wanted to find out exactly what had been going on with Randall before he made a decision, so he went looking to find him. He knew the boy liked hiding with animals so when he saw him scurrying towards the woods behind the church, he followed.

It was done in a stealthy way, as to not scare him, but as he walked, he heard a third set of footsteps. Randall. Was he...growling? Will was more than ready to defend Peter but he was curious as to what would happen. Besides, there wasn't a better way to find out than to observe in lieu of participate.

Once Peter stopped to play with a baby deer, Will waited, crouching.

“You’re a sweet girl now, aren’t you?” Peter said softly. He didn’t hear Randall approach from behind, didn’t know he was there, but the baby doe did, and she scurried away, eyes bright with fear. Peter turned sharply, gasping when he saw him.

“You followed me,” he said flatly, avoiding eye contact.

“Shame she ran off. Haven’t had venison in too long. She’d make a fine meal,” Randall said, his voice quiet and even as he drew closer slowly, like a slithering snake waiting to strike.

“Please don’t hurt me. You’re mean to me and I don’t know why. Just s-stay away from me, leave me alone!” Peter said, trying to make his voice sound stronger than he felt, wrapping his arms around his torso as he curled into a ball on the ground and began rocking back and forth.

Randall squatted down once he was closer, only about a foot away. “You’re an ugly, useless little shit, aren’t you? No one likes you, you’re stupid as fuck. Can’t do anything. What are you going to do for the rest of your life? Live in this church like the Hunchback of Notre Dame? Play with your stupid little rats like a freak?” he sneered.

Tears filled Peter’s big brown eyes as he struggled to hold them back and be brave. “Father Lecter likes me well enough, and I have a friend now, Will Graham, the new boy. He’s very nice, and Father Lecter likes him, too.”

“Father Lecter is a fucking deviant pervert, that’s the only reason he likes Will Graham. And he’s only nice to you because he feels sorry for you. He’d just as soon bake you into a pie. In fact, maybe I should help him along the way, tenderize you a bit for him, what do you think?” he taunted, getting up in preparation to beat him.

That's when Will came out of the brush like an angry wolf. His eyes were piercing, like daggers stabbing holes right into Randall. "Oh I wouldn't do that," Will growled lowly, keeping his eyes on Randall only. "Peter, go. Go back to your room okay? You're safe."

He stepped between the two of them, about a foot from Randall, his shoulders squared.

Peter got to his feet. “Will, Randall is a really bad guy. Don’t let him lie to you. Everything he says is lies. Father Lecter is a good man,” he insisted, scurrying to stand behind the curly-haired young man.

“You’re lucky you’re such a scrawny little runt, or I’m sure he’d have you bent over the alter saying Hail Mary’s too,” Randall spat at him.

"You'd be advised to watch your tongue before someone removes it for you," Will hissed slowly, his eyes blazing like two blue balls of fire. "Peter, please, go back now. I'll come see you later."

Peter’s cheeks grew red and he nodded. “Be careful, Will,” he whispered, and rushed inside. He’d get Father Lecter. Father Lecter always knew what to do.

Randall’s lips curled into a dark grin as he stared unshaken at Will. “So, now that we’re alone, what are you gonna do? You don’t have the guts to fight me. You’re weak, and sick, too. You’re sweating like a pig,” he observed.

"My sweat has nothing to do with fear, and it won't save you from what I am going to do," Will responded. Beads of liquid dripping down his temples and brow.

Randell’s top lip curled back animalistically, revealing his teeth, and he growled like a beast. Crouching down, he sprang forward, leaping to attack Will, a fury in his eyes like blind rage, but when Will dove to the side, he fell heavily to the ground, not anticipating his foe would move so quickly.

That was when Will used the slip to straddle Randall. Blow by blow, he used steel fists to deliver his vengeance. Blood splattered, and Randall's face morphed from his own to a black creature that had opaque eyes and long horns. He continued, growling, proving himself more a beast than the other boy thought he was. Before he could stop himself, he heard the crack of bone, snapping Randall's neck quickly.

Father Lecter crept up quietly, having received word from the panicked young Peter that Will had just saved him from a beating. Seeing the confrontation building, he held back, hiding behind the trees, curious what Will would do. He had seen the promise of the beast within him clawing inside, feverish and desperate to get out, and wondered how he’d reacted when faced with the temptation of exacting righteous vengeance on Randall in the name of protecting his vulnerable young friend.

As he expected, Randall was no match for Will, and Hannibal felt himself swell with arousal watching the handsome youth snap his neck easily. What a beautiful sight, blood splattered over his knuckles, the other boy’s face bruised and battered, his head now at an unnatural angle as he lay beneath Will lifelessly.

Walking up behind him, he allowed the leaves to crunch under his feet at last and cleared his throat to alert Will to his presence. “Don’t be afraid, Will. It’s only me,” he said calmly, his voice low and soothing.

Will began to shake, running his hands over his face without realizing there was blood on them.
It was an unwelcome addition the what was already there or…. maybe it felt...good. He turned and looked at the priest, not sure how he'd react. "I...he attacked me. Even steven."

Father Lecter looked on quietly as Will spoke, unbuttoned his cassock, removed it, and tossed it over a fallen log so he was just in a simple black shirt and black linen pants. Squatting down beside Randall's body, he looked him over and then at Will.

"This wasn't self defense, Will. No one else would see it that way. But...I can help you. If you ask," he said, pausing meaningfully.

Will looked at the Father. At his lover. He nodded slowly. "I need your help," he said softly, standing up. He would go to prison or be locked away in an asylum forever if he didn't have Hannibal's help. "He was going to hurt Peter."

The soft way Will made his plea sent the Father's heart fluttering with warmth. He stood and moved closer, into the boy's space, and cradled his jaw in both hands. "You needn't worry about anything, my beloved. I'll protect you. I can dispose of the body, and no one will ever know or find out, I promise," he said, gazing deep into blue eyes with all the love he had in his heart.

Beloved. It made Will feel better. He looked into Hannibal's eyes and saw truth there. A gentle nod within the wanted confines of the priest's hands was what the boy gave him, and he felt his stress lessen. "Thank you. What...what should we do now?'

"Go inside, clean yourself up and change. Get ready for dinner. Go eat with everyone else in the hall, where you will be seen as normal. If Peter asks what happened, tell him I sent you off so I could speak to Randall in private. I will handle everything from here, alright?" Father Lecter tipped his chin up and pressed a warm kiss to his lips.

"Thank you. Okay," Will said quietly, hoping he didn't get the good Father in trouble. Part of him wanted to see what he would do and how he would handle it but he mostly just wanted the whole thing done. At least Peter and others would be safe. He kissed him back once more before heading back to do as instructed.

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Father Lecter took great care in ridding the scene of all evidence of the fight, and managed to bury him deep in the woods. He forged a note and left it in Randall's room, taking some of his belongings and hiding them as well to make it appear he'd run away. As troubled as Randall was, it wouldn't seem that out of the ordinary to anyone, and Hannibal was confident he could quell any suspicions that might arise.

He found Will after dinner, and smiled at him placidly in the hall as the sisters and others walked past. "Good evening. Would you care to join me in evening prayers before retiring?" he asked.

Will nodded. “Good evening. Yes, Father,” he agreed, calling him by that title since the Sister Bloom was lingering near. Why was she so nosey? He was just glad Monsignor Crawford hadn’t bothered him in a while. Once Alana walked off and down another hall, the boy joined Hannibal, a small smile on his face. “Where shall we pray?”

Father Lecter guided Will by the arm and steered him towards the oratory. It was a quiet place, and empty now, as everyone had headed to their own chambers after dinner. “Let’s pray in here. I think tonight is special and calls for a special venue for our supplication.”

"Fine by me, Father Lecter," Will said on the exhale of a breath. Once they were inside, he went to sit on a pew with Hannibal, angling his body towards him once he'd sat as well. "I'm not sure how...special tonight is. I feel bad...not because I did... that, but because I liked it. Maybe I am possessed."

Will was sweating again, fevered. Was this all a dream? A hallucination? It all seemed surreal. He looked at Hannibal, making eye contact as he searched for hope of some sort. Or maybe just reassurance.

Hannibal leaned into Will’s space, inhaling his scent shamelessly. Heady, musky, sweet. The power the boy held was already so strong and though he’d cleaned up, he could still detect Randall’s blood on him. Brushing his lips under Will’s ear, he breathed over his neck and whispered. “You are possessed. By me, Mylimasis. You’re more powerful than you know, and are becoming stronger still. You should have no shame. What you did was beautiful, Will. Absolutely beautiful.”

The bold move, the feel of Hannibal's breath on his skin, made his cock twitch. He licked his lips and exhaled an almost shaky breath of his own.

"It is beautiful," Will admitted and then let his hand rest on his priest lover's thigh before turning to look around. No one there. So he kissed him. Testing.

It was dangerous, tasting forbidden fruit in the open like this. But Father Lecter couldn’t resist, not after that first bashful, illicit taste of his lips, so red and wet as they were. The priest ran the top of his tongue along Will’s bottom lip, teasing the seam before slipping inside and massaging them together in a low moan. That hand on his thigh. He slipped his hand to Will’s hip and held it there, feeling the shift of arousal and making no effort to temper it.

Will moaned softly, rolling his hips into Hannibal's grip. His other hand went to cup the priest's face and held him there, close, as their tongues danced together. It was wicked and perfect; it made the boy's nerves calm. No thoughts of Randall. Nothing else but what they were doing.

Sharp teeth caught the edge of Will’s lip and bit slightly, and the smallest tang of coppery blood caused the pounding in Hannibal’s chest to grow so strong, he wondered if Will could hear it, or even feel it. His fingers tightened in Will’s hair and wrapped around the back of his neck, holding it firm and secure. “You make it difficult to resist taking you here and now, in the temple of our Lord.”

"Same goes," Will murmured, a bit of drawl apparent as the words were spoken through kisses. His heart was racing too as he hooked both arms around Hannibal, his chest bumping his while their tongues met again over and over.

It was the sound of the church door latch that caused Will to jump back, his hands going over his groin, eyes darting from Hannibal's to closed in 'prayer.'

"Well, well. Hello, Father," a man called out as he strolled down the aisle with a big grin. When he got next to the end of the pew Hannibal and Will sat on, he looked right at the boy whose eyes opened. Oh yes! He would do nicely. But first, he looked at Father Lecter. "I don't think we've met but you have met my sister, Margot. Figured it was time to make the introductions. I'm Mason Verger."

One more look at Will. "And who do we have here? Such a devout boy. Hello there. Would you like a chocolate?"

As Mason reached into his pocket, Will shook his head, able to see him. "I don't want anythin' from you."

Mason cackled and glanced at the priest. "Feisty isn't he? I've dealt with pigs who thought they were feisty too. But let's not talk about that now. I want to do my confession."

Without addressing Mason directly yet, he cast a disdainful look down his elegant nose at him.
“I will have to ask you to graciously forgive this rude interruption, my dear Will. This young man is in dire need of confession, and the task falls upon me to carry it out, by the grace of God,” he said, no small amount of sarcasm in his accented tone. Rising, he clasped Will’s elbow and took his hand, squeezing it gently. “I will call for you later and we shall continue, yes? You may read the prayer book I gave you in your room, or visit with Peter perhaps.”

As Mason walked towards the booth, still eyeing the pair, Will nodded, squeezing Hannibal's hand in return. "I'll do that, Father. Thank you for your guidance. It always leaves me feeling unburdened and good."

Mason chuckled as he walked into the booth, straightening his suit coat with a clear of his throat to indicate he was waiting.

Father Lecter waited politely until Will had departed, then turned and headed for the confessional. “Mason, I’m glad you could take the time to come in. I truly hope your heart and spirit are in the right place for this,” he said, going in his own side as well. He knew of Mason only from what he’d heard of him through his sister, Margot, and what she’d shared was horrifying. He was a brand of abusive sadist that was far beyond what Hannibal could view as anything other than ugly and tasteless.

Mason slid open the door, leaning close to the screen. He smelled of slaughter, pigs blood, and a fine meal that followed. "Papa told me that you have to be right with the Riz, Father. Besides, it takes a certain kind of maan to walk in the spirit. I confess that some time with some of the...boys here might put my spirit right with the Lord. Is that how you stay on the righteous path? Yes, yes, I bet it is…"

Hannibal’s jaw clenched and his hands curled into fists in the safety of darkness concealed behind the screen. Mason was more than simply troubled; he was a predator in the worst sense. No honor in anything he did, the son of the pig baron was nothing but a pig himself, and had been treading on thin ice for some time. Hannibal despised the rude man, and had been told that Mason had abused more than one of the youths that inhabited his halls. His father gave the church money to stay quiet, but Hannibal had no need of it and his patience was rapidly running out, particularly with Will being here now. He’d slit his throat ear to ear before he’d allow him to lay a hand on his Will.

“Mr Verger, please don’t try my patience. You came for confession. Please retain to the form of confession. How long has it been,” he said, pausing awkwardly and not calling him any term of endearment like son or child. He couldn’t go that far.

They hadn't met before today. But Mason had been by to see what his sister Margot was always on about. Father Lecter was unique but not nearly as intriguing as the boy was.

"Very well," Mason said with a smile in his tone as he waved his hand idly in the dark. "It's been six months since my last confession. You can say a penitent heart is needed for these things. I confess I'm having impure thoughts. I'm sinning right now."

“And what are you thinking about, Mason?” Father Lecter asked, fearing what he’d say and yet curious all the same.

Mason took in a deep, purposeful breath, licking his lips. "Fresh meat. Have you ever had any? It's so rich and juicy. A pig, for example tastes best right after it's slaughtered. I'm thinking I'd like to have a...taste of something very fresh."

Father Lecter sighed to himself and considered what Mason was coming right out and saying, with no pretense. It was a shock, surely, or would be to most people, but not to him. He wondered just how much this sadist had squeezed out of Margot to be making such bold statements. “Where you do your particular brand of butchery certainly is of interest to me. I’m willing to look the other way, so long as you don’t choose the wrong...pig,” Father Lecter said testily. He wanted to lead him on, lure him. This Mason was a nuisance he’d wanted to rid the world of ever since Margot had come to him.

Mason had plans in mind and none that he wanted to share. So he laughed, loudly. "I haven't chosen any from your farm, Father. Your...herd or flock is safe," he said, humming a little tune. "So, am I forgiven of my sins? Papa would like that a lot."

Eager to get back to Will, the priest agreed. “Tell Papa that you’re forgiven, for now. Though I think additional time in prayer would do you good,” he added, fully aware Mason would do nothing of the sort.

"Mmhm yes. Thank you, Father. I'll do my best. Make my excuses to…your student out there won't you?"

With that, Mason was up and out. He had work to do.

Glad to be rid of the unpleasant beast, Father Lecter closed up the confessional and headed to his room to wash his hands and tidy up before looking for Will. The nascent beauty was all he could think of lately, and seeing what he'd done to Randall only solidified his hopes of what the young man was to become.

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Later that night, Will was asleep, and thanks to the tonic he had taken, it was a deep slumber. So much so that he didn't rouse until his hands had been bound. Actually all of his limbs. Hog tied. The gag and blindfold prevented any awareness but touch.

He still thrashed wildly, enough that the rope began to cut into his flesh, burning and sharp. The knock on his head was the last thing he remembered until he woke again. Manure. It smelled horribly and the sound of hooves and snorts gave him an idea that he was at a farm of some sort.

"Wake up piggie, wake up," called out a voice, followed by a bellow. When the blindfold and gag were removed, he was met with wild blue eyes and blond hair. He was bound to a chair now, just outside if a pig pen.

"You...from the church," Will murmured dryly, his head pounding.

"We never got the chance to talk...but I just had to bring you home."

"You don't scare me. I see you. I can smell your intentions."

Mason laughed again and opened his papa's pocket knife. He held it to Will's throat. A warning not to move, and then licked up his neck, to just below his eye. "Don't worry, Will. We're going to have to some good, funny times together."

***

Hannibal realized something was wrong when Sister Alana came to him the next day concerned that Will hadn't shown up for breakfast. It was the first time such a thing had happened. He immediately rushed to his room, but found it empty.

"You are not to breathe a word to anyone. I don't want to have anyone panic," Father Lecter instructed her, while he began to search the grounds himself. He was also concerned what Monsignor Crawford might think of this, particularly since he was in his care.

Alana was a busybody, but she was frightened enough of Father Lecter's authority to comply, and she helped him discreetly search for the missing boy. They looked everywhere, combing the entire church, the whole property and all the land surrounding, and found nothing.

It was during their search that Hannibal stopped and realized where he had to be. He found the sister and instructed her to stop. "I need to make a journey, to a neighboring parish. If anyone asks, I'll be back in a day's time. For your safety, that's all I can tell you."

Her large blue eyes searched his and she nodded solemnly. "I'll pray for you, and for the boy, Father," she said, though in her mind, she was deeply worried.

The Priest soon had packed a small bag and rode away under the cover of night on horseback, heading straight for Verger Farms. He only hoped he was right.

***

Mason liked his games, so he hadn't done all the depraved things he had planned. At present, Will was tied to a dinner chair, dressed in a fine suit with the Verger heir at the head.

He looked at Will and smiled. "Once you get used to the way of things, you might enjoy yourself, hm? At least part of the time…"

"Never. I'll only enjoy myself when you're begging for your life," Will responded. He glared at Mason as Cordell brought out the first course. When the big man leaned close Will lunged as much as he could and bit a hunker of his cheek out by way of his teeth.

The boy spit Cordell's flesh on the table, blood dripping down his chin as Mason began laughing and clapping. "Naughty boy. Lucky for you, I won't harm your face like you did poor Cordell. No, I like you pretty."

Cordell growled and collected his cheek, heading into the kitchen to attempt to sew it back on. So occupied he was, that he didn't hear footsteps approaching, or maybe it was just due to the silent manner in which they neared him.

In the shadows, Father Lecter had seen everything, and it made his heart swell with pride to see the feral manner in which Will tore the flesh from the foul man's face. He controlled his breath, though he was already covered in blood, having quietly dispatched the guards Mason had on the grounds. Almost everyone on the property was already dead by the time he'd made it this far. He'd known the moment he found a torn piece of Will's breeches at the gates to Verger Mansion, this was where he was.

Silently, and in a flash, he was behind Cordell in an instant, and before he could even cry out, his neck snapped and he fell to the floor in a heap. Of course, he would have loved to have taken more time with his death, but there wasn't any opportunity. His priority was freeing Will. That meant only Mason himself remained.

Father Lecter was not wearing his cassock; instead he was dressed simply in black shirt and trousers, both bloodied and tattered from his rampage through Verger manor. He entered the room so that Will would see him first, and was behind Mason, a needle in his neck rendering him paralyzed before he had time to register what was going on.

"You will retain the power of speech, Mason. You'll even still be able to feel everything. But there's nothing you can do about it. I've injected you with a paralytic agent that only affects your range of movement, your muscles, not your central nervous system. I can also assure you, no one will be coming to your aid. There's not a single breathing life left on your property. I haven't even spared your prized, man-eating pigs. Quite a bit of wasted meat, I'm afraid. But a worthy price to pay for the safety of one of my flock," the priest said in a low, soothing, authoritative tone. He moved from behind Mason, and walked to Will to check him for injuries and untie him.

"Oh goodie, Father has come to play, no forgiveness for you though," Mason laughed as Will was freed.

Will looked at Hannibal, impressed and relieved. "I'm okay. He was letting me…marinate."

The boy stood and stretched, then walked over to Mason. He gripped his hair and punched him in the face. "But the meat is off the menu, for you."

Hannibal smiled with pride at the young man. “Tell me, Will, what would you like to do with him? What do you see that would aid in his becoming? A righteous end, given what he’s done to so many innocents,” he asked thoughtfully, beaming with affection at his beloved. Will never looked more beautiful than he did like this.

"He isn't fit to become anything. The only thing he serves as is a warning…" Will said through the grit of his teeth. He looked at Hannibal, both men bloody in their own ways. He felt his cock stir, a burning desire building inside himself.

Hannibal nodded. “I believe I have a greater purpose for him. Perhaps one that will assist you in the next step of your true transformation...your becoming. You are growing more and more, my lovely Will. You trust me, don’t you?” he asked, taking Will’s hand and kissing it, his thumb gently rubbing over some defensive wounds that had been inflicted.

"Isn't this romantic. Nauseating," Mason said with a roll of his eyes as Will ignored him. The boy nodded, warmth in his chest.

"I trust you. I don't think I know any other way. You and I...have begun to blur," Will said, his lips parted after he finished speaking. He looked at Hannibal's lips, those cheekbones, and his eyes. "What do you have in mind?"

“A bit of holy communion, with Mason being the wine and bread. We will feast on you, Mason, and in doing so Will’s change will be complete. It may very well be the best possible end to the worthlessness of your existence, Mr Verger. You owe Will awe for bringing meaning to your life,” Hannibal quipped dryly.

Turning his attention back to Will, he smiled. “You wouldn’t need to eat him raw, of course. I would prepare him in a palatable, exquisite way. Completely safe. Do you accept?”

Cannibalism. Now that wasn’t new. Will had heard of such things before, hell, even communion was a metaphor for drinking and eating the blood and body of Christ. It seemed...oddly appropriate, but to actually do it? He had to take a moment to think and as he did, Mason continued babbling on and laughing, trying hard to show he wasn’t affected. What he did say was:

“You’re going to eat me? I’m terrified and enchanted, Father, yes…”

Will ignored him again and then finally nodded. “I...I do,” he said, rubbing his jaw. “Seems only fittin’ since he’s nothing more than a pig himself.”

Hannibal narrowed his eyes at Mason but refused to address him any further. “He is nothing more than a pig, indeed. I’d say we should start working on him. There was a wheelbarrow outside that will work just fine for transporting him for slaughter. I think it fitting if you do the honors of taking his life,” he said, sliding beside the boy and kissing his cheek.

A spark of adrenaline surged through Will at that. He'd already seen Mason's point of view. He had been forced to feel the things he had done to the other church boys. It was tasteless and vile. Repugnant. Killing him would feel righteous and good. The kiss motivated him even more. Looking at Mason, his eyes darkened. "I'd be glad to."

Father Lecter beamed with pride at the brunet and squeezing his arm, he turned to get the wheelbarrow. A moment later he wheeled it in, and with Will’s assistance, lifted Mason into it and moved him outside.

Chapter 6

An array of butchering tools lay in an area where Cordell and Mason himself had clearly spent time torturing and killing boys, and it was fitting that he'd meet his end here, in whatever manner Will saw fit. "I'm here in any capacity you'd have me. Would you have me observe, or participate, Will?" Hannibal asked calmly, an eager eye trained on his handsome apprentice.

"He's my problem, Father. I'll take care of him."

Will pulled out a blade and walked over to Mason who was watching him. "I can pay you, Will. I am well off…"

Will laughed. "I don't want your money, Mason. I want your tears…"

He pulled out the silver case in Mason's coat pocket to retrieve it, and removed one of the little tissue squares before turning to Hannibal. "I think I need a drink. Would you?"

The boy was going to do to him what he knew he'd done to countless others, before killing him.

"I'd be honored," Hannibal smiled, and took the bit of cotton from Will. Walking to a cabinet against the wall, he rummaged around until he located a glass and a bottle of gin and vermouth. A jar of olives added the perfect touch as he pierced one with a toothpick and added it to the drink.

"Only missing one ingredient, if it's what I believe you're hoping for," he said with a sly smile, setting it on the silver table containing the instruments of Will's design.

"Yes, thank you," Will said and went over to Mason. With fists of steel, he cracked flesh against bone. punching him repeatedly over and over. The pig bled easy and free, but he needed more. He wanted to feel his suffering. So he took the blade. He gave a look to Hannibal, and then he began carving his face, layer by layer, removing the skin there, until a tear ran down the gooey mess from his eyes. Will took the cotton square and collected the salty liquid before tossing it into his glass. Crimson dripped down his forearm as he held the glass to his lips. "Tastes good," he murmured as he had a sip and set the glass down.

Hannibal beamed with pride, watching the scene unfold with hands clasped behind his back. Mason would soon die, likely blood loss or cardiac arrest, or some other manner of his beloved's choosing. He devoured Will's form with his eyes, every move beautiful to him, each pulverizing blow and slash of his blade causing the priest to fall even deeper for Will Graham.

Will stopped after a moment and then decided enough was enough. He didn't give Mason enough time to say anything before he snapped his neck. "Good riddance, pig."

He'd gotten blood on the Father too, just from the proximity, and his own hands were covered in it, as well as other parts.

Father Lecter looked from the body of Mason verger, now completely lifeless and disfigured beyond recognition, back up to Will. The boy looked wild, untethered, his eyes glossy with lust, hair wild, and what remained of his tattered clothes, soaked in blood.

The priest moved across the room swiftly and grabbed Will’s wrist, tugging him downward to his knees, and pulled him against his body, pressing a hot kiss to his lips. “This is truly, all I wanted for you, Will. The glory of your becoming.”

"It's beautiful," Will whispered and kissed him again, wrapping his arms around Hannibal. "A becoming for two. I've changed you as much as you have me."

He licked hotly into his mouth, his cock hard and pressing against the priest's body. Will messed up his hair as his bloody hands ran through his locks, not paying mind to the dead man at nearby.

Hannibal’s hunger was only fueled by what Will had done, and he quickly stripped off his own garments, knowing they could easily get a new change of clothes from the house before they left, under the cover of darkness and no one would know.

“Take off your clothes, Will. I’m going to have you, here and now. I can’t wait,” he whispered harshly.

"Yes," Will whispered in return. He hastily removed his clothes, letting them fall to the floor and then pumped his cock a few times before he was kissing him again. "Take me...please. Have all of me."

Hannibal dragged Will to the floor and crushed him against his body, a rough, deep groan escaping his mouth. Blood that had pooled around Mason’s body filled the floor around them, the scent of coppery death heavy in the air, and it quickened his heart further. His hand slid in the mess as he tried to grip for leverage, and when he used the same hand to secure Will’s sharp jawline in a kiss, it dripped down his smooth chest in almost black, oily streaks. Shadows danced across them, illuminated by the torches in the room, and the only sound was their heated panting and the wet grappling of their naked limbs in the mess of a slowly draining corpse.

His teeth scraped against Will’s tongue, and he parted Will’s ass cheeks as he reached around, rubbing a finger over his entrance, coated heavily in blood. “I will. I will take you, Mylimasis. Neither God himself nor his angels could stop me from possessing you,” he huffed.

"I wouldn't want them to," Will moaned, his legs open and ready, eager to take what Hannibal was going to give him. He wanted to be consumed by him, to lose himself in the Father against him. He no longer cared about what his parents thought. It was him and his lover now. Kissing him back, his hands roved along the firm, fury contours of the priests body. "Our love is a religion of its own making. A fate designed in death."

Father Lecter was far past any limits or reservations, which he'd never had to begin with. He'd known from the moment he'd laid eyes on Will Graham that he'd be his. As far as this blossoming of his evolution, all of this was his own making. He had hoped against hope this would happen, and he'd encouraged him towards it, but he never could have predicted the beauty of his becoming.

"You, Will, you are all I need to worship, every part of you in your perfection. I can honor the creation of you by making love to you, every inch of you, my beloved," Hannibal whispered, and spit into his palm, mixing blood and saliva as his stroked his own cock and prepared to enter Will. Rutting between his soft cheeks, he rolled Will to his knees and reached beneath him to tug at his erection. "Touch yourself. I'm going to take you now," he said.

"Yes, Father," Will moaned, his ass pert, spread, and ready to be claimed again.

Will wrapped his hand around his girth and began to stroke. His back arched perfectly and he panted, his heart beating faster as the anticipation grew. "We can worship each other."

Hannibal ran his hand down the sleek arch of Will's back, squeezing his ripe, plump flank. Parting the delicate juncture of his cheeks, he gathered more blood and used it to lubricate further, and pressed inside the twitching pucker, breaching him completely and plunging inside fully. It would be painful, this he knew, but the moment called for it. It was with a desperate choke of passion he leaned forward then, draping the heaviness of his body over Will's, and biting down on his shoulder with a moan of need. The tightness with which his body fought against Hannibal's flesh only urged him deeper, and his hips snapped almost beyond his control, thumbs bruising pale skin.

"Ahhhhhhh….Will!!"

The burn was instant and sharp but it was exactly what Will wanted. He was feeling animalistic. Savage. The nature of their coupling now was exactly that. He forced himself to relax, enjoying the bite as well, a throat growl vibrating from his chest. He worked his cock, slapping sounds echoing from there and Hannibal's thrusting. "Fuck, Hannnibal! More!"

Hearing the growl from Will was unexpected, yet exactly what Hannibal wanted, and he pulled all the way out and drove back inside deeply, developing a rhythm as heat built between them, sweat and blood mingling and dripping to the floor of the butchery floor of the Verger mansion. Nails scratched and dug into Will's skin, and Father Lecter surged forward with the need to Mark him in every way, take him as his and his alone.

Time stood still and yet became meaningless as they fucked like wild beasts, the priest turning Will over onto his back and kissing him as he lay atop, legs spread wide thrusting between muscular thighs. "Mylimasis, my beautiful temptation, my beloved...you're all I need forever. Consume me, and let me consume you…"

"Communion before our supper," Will groaned loudly, his legs hooked around Hannibal. He knew what he meant, they were simply in sync that way. So the boy raised up enough to pull the priest closer still. He bit down on his upper chest, hard enough to break the skin. A bit of flesh was the bread and the blood that spilled from him was an excellent compliment.

All the while heat built in his loins, a tightening from his muscles as his prostate was tapped so perfectly. "Taste me again. Close the circle, my Father, my love."

Father Lecter never thought he'd feel sweet fangs sink into his own flesh in such a way, but the pain was hot and searing, and blended seamlessly into pleasure when he returned the bite again. The edge of his shoulder, teeth snapping against the skin, the salty taste of skin and coppery blood filling his taste buds and overwhelming his senses. This was love. Pure, unspoiled, with nothing between naked souls and raw flesh.

The priest battered against Will then, grunting and growling like a wild animal. "I'm going to come, Will, inside you…Will...Oh god…" he cried out, and he filled him with his seed, hot and thick, even as he took another bite of him.

The bite, the shared communion mixed in with the raw emotions of the knowledge that they were literally devouring each other, was enough to send Will over. Then, when he felt the throb of Hannibal's cock as he came, he could hold back no longer. His hole clamped down, and hot white come shot out of his tip as he moaned loudly, grunting, and shaking. "Hannibal, yes!"

Hannibal turned his jaw slightly, enough to lick inside his mouth and kiss him passionately. He delighted in the spasming throb of his body as it clenched around him, milking every drop of ejaculate from his cock. "Aš tave myliu, Will Graham. I love you," he panted.

Will kissed him back, holding his face. "I love you, Hannibal."

The boy caught his breath, enjoying a few minutes of post coital bliss as sweat and blood cooled on their skin. Once Father Lecter suggested they get up, he rose to his feet.

"Let's get to it."

Father Lecter worked quickly with Will, cleaning up themselves and taking the body back to the house. He planned to burn the property down, clearing away any evidence of Will's or his involvement or of any bodies remaining there. Any living relatives of the Verger fortune would receive the insurance, and the world was rid of one of the worst torturers ever inflicted on society.

At the main house, the priest harvested the useful parts of the man's body and prepared a lush feast for them both; Mason's liver and belly fat prepared as bacon with saffron rice and marmalade glaze.

Sitting at Mason's elaborately ornate table, which he'd previously found Will bound and captive, the priest raised a glass of wine and smiled at the lovely young man.

"You look changed. Tremendously so, my dear Will. How do you feel?" He asked. The young man still had his fever. He'd need to treat him. But this was all part of it, and what had happened was entirely necessary to take the next step that he planned.

Will raised his glass as well. It was a little unnerving, eating flesh, but he supposed it was fitting and it smelled amazing. He smiled, dark and seductive, then took a sip. "I feel just.

More like myself than I've ever known."

Father Lecter took Will's hand and kissed it, a surprisingly gentle, tender move after the violent passion of the last few hours. "It fills me with joy to hear you say that, Will. I need to ask you...do you wish to be with me...always? Because, I love you, and only you, and want you to remain with me. I'd never keep you against your desires, so I must ask," he said, his voice low and serious.

"Yes," Will began, savoring the kiss. He held Hannibal's eyes, fork in his free hand.

"There's...nothing for me here if you're not. Are you...are you leaving?"

Was the Father leaving the church because of what they had done? It sounded like it, and if so, he would go. His father nor any other could stop him, seventeen or not.

The priest took a bite of food, chewing slowly and savouring the meat. He swallowed and looked up at Will.

"Your parents will want you to return home when you show signs of improvement. You're not well yet, this I know, and I also know how to get you completely healthy. However, too many know too much that could impede us. Sister Bloom, Peter, as dear and innocent as he is. We could leave, you and I, Will. Overnight, under the cover of darkness. Leave a note for your family. It would almost be polite." Hannibal set his fork down and watched the boy closely for his reaction.

Will had a bite finally as he contemplated, humming his satisfaction at the taste. "Alright. I will leave with you," he said, giving a smile before another bite. "A home of our own, a couple of dogs. My parents never let me have them."

A swallow of wine, and he wiped his mouth. "I'll miss Peter but he's safe now. Where will we go?"

The priest's honey eyes filled with emotion at Will's assent. He couldn't know that he'd agree to this -he could've just as easily refused - and it filled his chest with warmth to know he'd won this miraculous, strong, smart, cunning, handsome boy's heart.

"I have a bit of property in the countryside outside Florence. We can live there. It's a nice house, plenty of room, even enough space for a dog, certainly," he said. "We'll take one of Mason's carriages, get what we need once we've relocated."

He moved from his chair, pushing himself Away from the table and getting up to kneel before Will.

"I do not have a ring, and I swear to you I will do it properly, but my heart is your and only yours, and I pledge myself to you, Mylimasis. I'm yours, Will Graham."

"I.." Will began, wetting his lips as his heart race. He smiled wider, blue eyes that had been dark when killing Mason were now bright and vibrant. They beamed with love and hope, despite the sickness he felt from whatever it was that was running rampant in his body. "If

you're asking for my hand, Hannibal. Yes. My heart is yours. Here, in Italy. Or wherever you go. Always."

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Several months passed. Father Lecter and Will moved into a beautiful country home just outside Florence, near enough to be conveniently accessed by carriage, far enough that they had plenty of privacy. The priest had made every arrangement to make it all seem as unquestionable as he could; to Monsignor Crawford and Will's parents, he simply told the truth - The boy was not afflicted with a spiritual malady, but a physical one. He sought to treat Will at a private clinic where a friend of his worked, an old school friend running a medical practice in Florence. There he was professionally diagnosed and treated for a strange illness he thought no one had heard of before, certainly not in Italy. It was encephalitis. There'd been a case of it found in a horse in the states, Massachusetts, in 1831. Little was known of how to treat humans, but Hannibal's college friend - Sutcliffe - formulated a treatment for Will to get him healthy. He had a little sum of money set aside from his inheritance, which was substantial enough to support them both for as long as they desired.

Will had left that note, had said his goodbyes with nary a bit of remorse. He was cured now, and they had left together. It was a bit like a dream in all honesty and should anyone try to wake them, it would be to their own detriment.

Father Lecter also made arrangements to relocate Will's friend, Peter Bernardone. It was true he wasn't flourishing as well as he could there at the church. There was a convent he was in contact with right in Florence, one that had a small farm with animals and needed a young man like Peter to help with caring for them. Their last helper had gotten married and left, and the timing was just right. Peter would thrive getting to interact with more animals the way he enjoyed, and he'd be near enough to Will that they could still visit.

Father Lecter was no longer a man of the cloth but Hannibal seemed to give into every desire Will had. Love and generosity was ever present even without the robes. The boy was eighteen now and thrilled to have Peter close, as well as the four dogs he'd talked Hannibal into. There was a lot of satisfaction in his life, and part of that was knowing just how badly it ate away at his step mother, Bedelia. He learned later that she had harbored romantic feelings for Hannibal as well. But there could only be one. Will. And for Will, Hannibal. The pair couldn't survive without each other.

The teacup had come back together and a place had been made for him. For both of them.

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